

Vol. II.

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No. 99.

#### DOLORES.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

How her young face reveals, in hushed complaining, What her white lips can not be brought to speak!
Her hopes of earth releutlessly are waning.
Leaving their paling portraits on her cheek.
Her loving eyes, that still retain their brightness,
Her tender lips, at times still smiling, show,
In fading hues, her former joy and lightness—
Now but the gentle ghosts of long ago.

Yes, "long ago," the records of the feelings
Name it, though but a year has dimmed her youth
Since that fair face, in each of its revealings,
Shone with the light of innocence and truth:
Her accents had the musical completeness
Which comes from purily of heart alone;
Her every motion was instinct with sweetness
In all her life a guileless luster shone.

Oh, earth, your joys have much for which to answer; Your sensual pleasures, spread with charming art, Ever by their indulgence spread a cancer That slowly, fatally corrodes the heart; While the expressions that were born of heaven Withdraw from form and features all their light. As day's fair hues, retiring with the even, Give place unto the blackness of the night.

Still, there is hope for her; for once, recalling
Some name from pure communions cherished yet,
She hent her head, and leardrops gently falling.
Told, in their tender way, of soft regret.
Such tears are surely prejude to repentance—
Puor pale one, when thy earthly life is done.
Prom Mercy mayet thou hear the blessed sentence:

"The golden gates are passed and heaven is won."

# Tracked to Death:

THE LAST SHOT. BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHE," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," BTC. CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE CYPRESS.

"Curse him—he's dead !"
It was Richard Darke who gave utterance to the speech, biasphemous as brutal.

Profanity and brutality had been the characteristics of his life. To these he had

now added a crime of deeper dye—murder.

And without remorse. As he bent over the lifeless form of his victim, there was no sign of contrition, either in his glances or gestures. On the contrary, his dark, ani-mal eyes seemed still sparkling with jealous hate; while his hand clutched the hilt of his bowie-knife. He had half drawn it from its sheath, as if intending to plunge into the body. But this was already breath-less—almost bloodless. What need? The man was dead. And, with this reflection, he pushed the blade back.

Now, for the first time, a thought of danger flashed across his brain. A sense of fear began to shape itself in his soul. Beyond doubt he had done murder.

"No?" he said, in an attempt at self-justification. "It's no murder. I've killed him, that's true; but he had had a shot at me. I can show that his gun is discharged, and here's his bullet-hole through the skirt of my coat. By thunder! a close shave His eyes rested for a moment on the per-forated skirt—only a moment. His uneasiness came back, and he continued to shape

Bah! It was a fair fight. The thing happens every day in the streets. What difference here among the trees? What difference, only that there were no witnesses? Well, what if there were none? Ay! what

The assassin stood reflecting-his glance now bent upon the body, now sent searchingly through the cypresses, as if afraid that some one might come up.

There was not much danger of this, the spot being one of perfect solitude, as is always a cypress forest. There was no path near trodden by the wayfarer. The planter had no business among these great buttress-ed trunks. The woodman could never assail them with his ax. Only the stalking hunter, or perhaps some runaway slave, would be likely to stray thither.

Richard Darke cogitated as follows:

"Shall I put a bold face upon it, and confess at once I killed him? I can say we met while out hunting; that it's been a fair fight—shot for shot; my luck to have the

st. Will that story stand?"
A pause in the soliloquy, a glance at the corpse, another that interrogated the surrounding scene, taking in the huge unshapely trunks, the long, outstretching limbs, with their pall-like festoonery of tillandsia a thought about the loneliness of the place -of its fitness for concealing a dead bodythen a reflection as to the social status of the man who lay murdered. All these things passed through the mind of the murderer, diverting him from his first half-formed in-

"It won't do," he went on, his words showing the change. "By Heaven, it won't! Better say nothing about it. He has no friends who'll inquire what's become of him; only his mother. As for Helen Arm-strong, will she—hah!"

The final ejaculation betrayed bitterness

of spirit, as if called up by the name. Strange, with such a sweet love-token in his

He again glanced inquiringly round, this time with a view to secreting the corpse.

He had made up his mind to do this. A sluggish creek meandered among the trees, passing at some two hundred yards from the spot, and about the same distance from the point where it entered the swamp.

Its waters were dark, from the overshadowing of the cypresses, and deep enough for such a purpose as he was thinking of. But it would require an effort of strength



"I'll throw some moss over the body, cover it up, and scatter more over the tracks we've made."

would leave traces 'I'll let it stay where it is. No one ever comes this way; not likely. It may lie there till doomsday, or till the wolves and buzzards have made bare bones of it. who can tell whose bones they are? Ah! better still, I'll throw some moss over the body, cover it up, and scatter more over the

He rested his gun against a tree, and commenced dragging the beard-like parasite from the branches above. It came off in flakes, in armfuls. Half a dozen of these he flung over the still palpitating corpse, and then pitched on the top some pieces of dead wood, lest a stray breeze might strip it

of its heavy shroud. After strewing some tufts around to conceal the blood and boot tracks, he stood for a moment making survey of the scene. Apparently satisfied, he once more laid hold of his gun, and was about taking departure from the place, when a sound, falling upon his ear, caused him to start. Well was it calculated to do so; for it was a sound as of one waiting for the dead. At first he was badly frightened, but became assured on dis-

covering the cause.
"Only the dog!" he said, as he saw Clandeer-hound skulking among the trees. When its master was shot down, the animal had scampered off, perhaps dreading a similar fate. It had not gone far, and was now returning little by little, drawing nearer

to the spot. The poor brute was struggling between two feelings—affection for its fallen master, and fear for its own life.

Darke's gun was now empty; and he tried to entice the animal within reach of his knife. It would not come Hastily ramming a bullet into one of the barrels, he took aim, and fired.

The shot had an effect, passing through the fleshy part of the dog's neck; but only to crease the skin, and draw a spurt of

blood. The animal, stung and still further affrighted, gave out a wild howl, and went off, without sign of stay or return. Equally wild was the exclamation that came from the lips of the assassin, as he

The durned cur'll go home to the house. He'll tell a tale-perhaps guide the people

As these thoughts rushed rapidly through his mind, the murderer turned pale. It was the first time he had experienced real fear. In such an out-of-the-way place he had felt safe about the concealment of the body, and along with it his bloody deed. Then, he had not taken the dog into account, and the

odds were in his favor. But now, with the animal adrift, they were heavily against him. It needed no calculation of chances to make this clear. Nor was it doubt which caused him to stand hesi-

thither to carry the body; and to drag it | tating. His irresolution came partly from affright, partly from uncertainty as to what

course to take. One thing clear enough—he could not stay there. The hound had gone off howl-It was two miles to the nearest plantation; but there was an odd squatter's cabin and clearing between. A dog going in that guise, blood-bedraggled, and in full cry of distress, would be certain to raise an alarm-equally certain to beget apprehensions for the safety of its missing master.

and cause search to be made. Richard Darke did not long stand thinking. Despite its solitude, it was not the place for tranquil thought—not to him. Far off through the trees he could hear the wail of the wounded hound. Was it fancy, or

lid he hear men's voices? He remained not to make sure. Beside that corpse, in spite of its being so cunningy shrouded, he dared not stay one instant

Hastily shouldering his gun, he struck off through the forest—at first going in quick step, then in double; soon increasing to a run, as if driven to it by the prolonged howling of the hound, and in his fancy he

heard human voices. He retreated in a direction opposite to that taken by the dog. It was also opposite to the way leading to his own house—his father's plantation. It forced him further into the swamp, across slough and through soft mud, where he made deep footmarks. Though he had carefully concealed the body, and obliterated all other traces of the strife, in his "scare" he did not think of

hose he was now leaving. The murderer is only cunning before the crime; after it, if he have conscience, or rather, having not courage and coolness, he loses self-possession, and is sure to leave a

trace for the detective. So was it with Richard Darke, as he ran wildly away from the scene of his crime, taking long strides. His only thought was to put space between himself and that accursed crying cur-so he anathematized the animal, hissing the words through his teeth whose cries appeared commingling with the shouts of men-the voices of avengers!

#### CHAPTER VII. A COON-CHASE INTERRUPTED.

THERE is no district in the Southern States without its noted coon-hunter. And, notedly, the coon-hunter is a negro. sport is too tame or too humble to tempt the white man. Sometimes the sons of "poor white trash" take a part in it; but it is usually resigned to the plantation darky.

In the old times of slavery, every plantation could boast of one or more of these sable Nimrods. a profit as well as a sport; the skins keep-

dicted to drinking it. The flesh, too, though little esteemed by white palates, was a bonne-bouche to the negro, with whom flesh meat was a scarce commodity. furnished his Dinah with the means of a

The plantation of Ephraim Darke was no exception to the general rule. It, too, had its coon-hunter—a negro named, or nick-named, "Blue Bill." The qualifying term came from a cerulean tinge that in certain lights appeared upon the surface of his sable epidermis. Otherwise he was black as

Blue Bill was a mighty hunter of his kind, passionately fond of the coon-chase-too much, indeed, for his own safety and comfort. It carried him abroad, when the discipline of the plantation required him to be at home, and more than once had his shoulders been scored by the lash for so ab-

senting himself. All this had not cured him of his proclivity. Unluckily for Richard Darke, it

On the evening of Clancy's being shot down, as described, Blue Bill was abroad, and with a small cur, which he had trained to his favorite chase, was ranging the woods

near the edge of the cypress swamp, "He had "treed" an old he-coon, and was preparing to climb up to this animal's nest—a large knot-hole in a sycamore when a shot startled him. He was more disturbed by the peculiar crack, than by the fact of its being the report of a gun. His ear being accustomed to the sound, he knew it to have proceeded from the double-barrel belonging to his young master—just then the last man he could or would have wished to meet. He was away from the "quarter without "pass" or leave of any kind.

His first thought was to continue his ascent of the tree, and conceal himself among

But his dog, still upon the ground, that would betray him? While hurriedly reflecting what was best for him to do, he heard a second shot; and then a third, coming quickly after; while mingling with the reports were men's voices, apparently in angry expostulation. He heard, too, the baying of a hound.

Gorramity!" muttered Blue Bill; "dar's a skrimmage goin' on dar—a fight, I reckon, to de def! An' I know who's between. De fuss shot am Mass' Dick's gun; de oder am Mass' Charl'e Clancy. By golly! 't ain't safe dis chile be see'd heah, nohow. Wha' may I hide maseff?"

Again he looked upward, scanning the sycamore, then down at his dog, and once more at the trunk of the tree. It was embraced by a creeper—a gigantic grape-vine, up which an ascent might easily be made, so easily that there need be no difficulty about carrying his cur along with him. It ing them in tobacco, and whisky when ad- was the ladder he had intended using to

reach the treed coon. The dread of his young master coming that way, and if so, surely "cowhiding" him, told the negro there was no time to be wasted in vacilla-

Nor did he waste any. Without further delay he threw his arm around the coondog, lifted the unresisting animal from the ground, and then "swarmed" up the creep-er like a she-bear carrying one of her cubs. In ten seconds after, he was ensconced

in a crutch of the sycamore, where he would be screened from the observation of any one who might pass underneath, by the cluster-

Now, feeling secure, the coon-hunter bent his ears more attentively to listen. He still heard the voices in conversation. Then only one of them, as if the other no longer replied. The one continuing to speak he could distinguish as that of his young mascould distinguish as that of his young master, though he could not make out the words spoken. The distance was too great, and the sound was interrupted by the thick standing trunks of the trees. It was a low monotone—might have been a soliloquy—and ended in an ejaculation. Even this he could only tell by the abrupt terminating tone.

Then succeeded a short interval of silence, as if both men had gone away. Blue Bill was in hopes they had, or that his young

was in hopes they had, or that his young master might have done so. His hope was the stronger that the tree in which he had secreted himself was not upon the way Richard Darke should take, returning to his father's plantation. It was night, and he would no doubt be going home.

While thus reflecting, the coon-hunter's ear was again saluted by a sound. This time it was the hound that spoke—not barking as before, but in a low, lugubrious wail, a sort of whimper, which appeared also to come from a somewhat different direction. Then again the voice of a man—Massa Dick's—who appeared to be coaxing the dog and calling the animal up.

Another short interval of silence—another shot, quickly followed by an angry exclamation; then the hound was heard in continuous howling, that gradually grew more in-

ous howling, that gradually grew more indistinct, as if the animal was going off on

To the slave, absent without leave, all these sounds seemed ominous, indicative of some tragical occurrence. As he sat in the fork of the sycamore, listening to them, he trembled like an aspen. Still his presence of mind did not forsake him, and this was directed to keep his own dog silent. Hearing the hound, the cur would have given tongue in response, but for Blue Bill's fingers clasped chokingly round its throat—only detached to give the animal an occa-

sional cuff. Once more stillness held possession of the forest. Soon again was it disturbed by the tread of footsteps and a swishing among the palmettoes. Some one was passing hastily through them evidently coming toward the tree, where the coon-hunter was concealed.

More than ever Blue Bill trembled upon his perch; tighter than ever clutching the throat of his canine companion. For he felt sure the man whose footsteps told of approach was his master-or, rather, his master's son. They told also of his running a retreat, rapid, headlong, confused. Upon this the peccant slave founded hopes of escaping observation.

They did not disappoint him. In a few seconds after, he saw Richard Darke come from the direction, in which the shots and voices had been heard. He was running as for very life-the more like it, that he ran crouchingly, at intervals making a short stop, and standing with his chin upon his shoulder, to listen.

When opposite the sycamore—almost under it—he made a pause longer than the rest. The sweat appeared to be pouring down his cheeks, over his eyebrows, almost blinding him. He drew a handkerchief from his coat-pocket, wiped it off, and then, re-placing the kerchief, ran on again.

In doing this he dropped something, un-seen by himself; but which could not, and did not escape the observation of the coonhunter so conspicuously posted. It resembled letter, in an envelope of the ordinary

This it proved to be, when Blue Bill, cautiously descending from the sycamore, approached the spot where it had fallen, and

The negro can not read; nor does he even take out the letter, although the envelope is open. An instinct, that it may in some way, or at some time, be useful, prompts him to put it in his pocket.

This done, he stands reflecting. There is now no sound to disturb him. The footsteps of Richard Darke are no longer heard. Their tread, gradually growing indistinct, has died away, and the converge forces. has died away; and the cypress forest once more relapsed into somber silence. The only sound the coon-hunter now hears is the thumping of his own heart against his

ribs, and this is loud enough. No longer has it to do with the coon he had succeeded in tracing. The animal, devoted to certain death, will owe its escape to an accident; and may now sleep securely within its nest. The hunter has other thoughts—emotions so strong as to drive coon-hunting clean out of his head. Among them are thoughts relating to himself and his safety. Though unseen by his young master—his presence even unsuspected—he feels that an unlucky chance has placed him in a position of danger. His instinct has already warned him of it.

That a tragedy has been enacted he not only surmises, but is pretty sure of.

What is he to do? Go on to the place

where he has heard the shouts, and ascertain

what has actually occurred?

At first he feels like doing this, but soon changes his intention. He is frightened at what is already known to him, and dares changes his intention. He is frighted.

changes his intention. He is frighted.

what is already known to him, and dares not know more. His young master may be a murderer—the way in which he saw him retreating almost says so—what then? Is he to make himself acquainted with the crime, and bear witness against the man who has committed it? As a slave, he knows his testimony will count for nothing in a court of justice. Still, would it strengthen suspicion. But as a slave—the slave of Ephralin Darke—he also knows, his life would not be worth much, after he had given it.

Latroflection decides him; and, still his arm, he

just a line of would never and would hurt—it would never and that flounce on the trails, and I have mended it nearly away."

She was locking with flushing cheeks and anxious eyes in Winifred's face, seeing the anger that was surging over it like a crim—as if I would wear a derned ball-dress, or pay you for tearing holes and mending them I You knew you never would have told me, and such a price—a hundred and twenty five dollars that you've marker on it."

"He very elaborate, Miss Beaumont, and making it all by

his life would not be worth much after the had given it.

This last reflection decides him; and, still carrying, his coon-dog under his arm, he starts off from the spot, going in skulking gait, never stopping, never feeling safe till within the limits of the "negro quarter." Not then till inside his own cabin, seated by the side of his Phœbe, with his coon-dog smelling among the pots, and his "piccaninnies" clustering around him and climbing upon his knees.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

We have now, in the hands of the artists, for ALBERT W. AIKEN'S NEW ROMANCE,

THE RED MAZEPPA:

THE MADMAN OF THE PLAINS,

which, in startling power, weird mystery, exciting interest of novelty and character, will more than satisfy the great expectations of our readers. In it, in several respects, this favorite writer has outdone himself; and the serial appearance of it, in our columns, will constitute one of the literary sensations of

### Ida's Wedding-Dress.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, royally-appointed apartment it was, with delicate rose-pink painted walls, with light lavender and gold panels inlaid; gold-bronzed gasoliers depending from the center and sides of the high ceiling; a gorgeous Moquet carpet, that the foot lost its echoes in; rare, antique furniture, and grand red paintings. Altogether quite a seene from fairy-land was that back room, in Senator Beaumont's mansion, that overin Senator Beaumont's mansion, that over looked snow-laden gardens, and rich-branched trees, that shone like a diamond mine in the bright sunshine of that January morn-

And quite in keeping with the elegant surroundings was the occupant of the bou-doir, the dainty little lady who sat curled up in a corner of the pink-plush ottoman, with a fresh-cut novel before her lustrous brown

Beautiful eyes they were, too, that gleamed and sparkled, and frowned and smiled at will; eyes that had pierced many a heart of manly susceptibility, but none so deep and sore as Girari Gardner's, the young soldier whose diamond and opal ring graced Winifred Beaumont's taper finger, as it daintily turned leaf after leaf of "Archandos."

They had been betrothed these six months, young Colonel Gardner and Winnie; and now, as she sat alone on that January morning, she was wondering why it was that, with all her wealth and beauty, she had been the one Girard Gardner had chosen.

She almost idolized him; he was brave, handsome, and fast gaining added laurels. nie's eyes sparkled with pride over her pos-

She was proud of him, too proud, for that self-same vanity in other channels, added to a selfish indifference of others, was the great mistake in her otherwise sweet char-

Even now, as she rose from her graceful position, there came a frown over her arched eyebrows as she consulted her

"Twelve, and my dress not yet here! and I promised Girard he should see it when he came at one. What nuisances dressmakers

It may have seemed of immense moment to her that the fairy ball-dress she had or-dered home at eleven, was still detained but it hardly need have called forth the chilling words that greeted the entrance moment or two later, of a fair, slight girl "Ida Western! and you have bro

your word. This is the third time about Winnie's brown eyes scowled at the sweet, pure face that flushed slightly under her cross words; then a low, lady-like voice

"I did not suppose an hour at this time of day could make so much difference. I am sorry if I have disappointed you, Miss Beau-

She carefully laid the loosely-folded robe on the sofa Winnie had vacated, and began

unpinning the tower that held it of Course, you are dreadfully sorry I am annoyed; I believe dilatory dressmakers, generally, do take their customers' grievances greatly to heart.'

Winnie was sneering; she was in a little fever of uneasiness, lest colonel Girard Gardner should happen in, and take her by urprise, before she herself had examined elegant robe.

Ida's fingers trembled slightly as she removed the tiny pins, and only for that, and by the dull pain that shadowed her gray eyes, would you have known how hard the imperious beauty's words hurt her.
But she was only a dressmaker—a tasty,

cheap artiste, who must expect, with he customer's patronage, a fair share of fault-finding. And yet, it was hard, and she, too, so young and lovely, and lonely!
Winnie did not hear the low, fluttering

sigh that escaped Ida Western's lips, as she shook out the gauzy dress, with its snowy white lace ruffles, its dainty gossamer puffings, its rich insertions, and filmy tucks.

"You are pleased, Miss Beaumont I

tried my very best to make it to suit you." made, and no mistake. So stylish and tasty, and still so purely simple.

"I think it will suit very nicely, indeed, and I'm sure it will be becoming, with an embroidered gold and green sash, and gold

She had espied a tiny, tiny darn under one of the puffed flounces she had been caressing with her dainty white fingers, and she grew icily severe as she raised her eyes inquiringly.

Ida flushed, then almost deprecatingly expensive wardrobe. The owner thought answered:

"It was an accident, Miss Beaumont; my

have spoiled—irreparably ruined I. As if I would wear a patched ball-dress. You can

A little startled cry fell from Ida's lips.

"Miss Beaumont! you'll not throw it on
my hands! It will ruin me!"

"I can't help that. You'd no business to
spoil the dress—take it, I say, and do not
depend on my orders in the future— Oh,
Girard!"

For just then, a tall, mustached gentleman in uniform came in the room, and Winnie's face grew all radiant again.

His was a trifle graver than usual, but Winnie was not a keen physiognomist, nor did she observe the glance of ill-subdued, respectful admiration he cast on Ida West crn as she turned her face from them, with her lastes glittering with tears, to carry home the fated ball-dress.

"Fated," I said? she little knew, or Winifred Beaumont either, how fated it was

to them both.

"Beautiful? why, Winnie, it's magnifi-cent! and only a hundred dollars! Where did you get it?"

And Winnie Beaumont's friend clasped her hands in enthusiastic ecstasy over the ball-dress that lay in foamy billows over the pink, plush ottoman.
"A little gleeful laugh came rippling

through the scarlet lips. "It is such a rich joke, Nell! You see my dressmaker, Ida Western, you know, asked a hundred and twenty-five for it, but I discovered, almost miraculously, a tiny darn—there, see? it 'll never show, in the world—and I valued it at twenty-five dollars, you know—enough to keep me in caramels and cream chocolates for a month or so. I made her take it back, and then got Jennie Blakely to offer a hundred for it

And the gay laughter of the two young belles mingled as they discussed the sub-

ject.
"I knew she'd be glad enough to let it go, and she'll never know I purchased it. I think it is the richest joke I've heard this long while. I don't know what Girard 'll say, though, for he saw ner was a Winnie twisted and twirled the engage

ment-ring as she spoke. Oh, tell him you changed your mindtell him any thing that comes in your head A little troubled sigh followed the "friend's" (?) advice, for Winnie was gene-

"I don't know about that, Nell. I'd be almost afraid to look Girard in the face if I lied to him. But I am sure I must tell him

And just in the landing, outside the door | tried to sleep. that was slightly ajar, Colonel Gardner listened and smiled grimly—and went down the velvet-carpeted stairs again, and from the house—straight to Ida Western's!

It was a small room, bright with gaslight that shone brilliant over the green-white carpet, the walnut furniture, the chromos on the wall, the open piano, a cheery, home-like place, where one would be sure of a velcome who called one's self Ida Western's

And Ida herself, in a daintily trimmed black alpaca, and white ruffled swiss apron sat under the drop-jet, her flying fingers adling the finishing touches to a velvet sacque on which she was sewing wide guipure lace A bright expectant light was in her eyes

that deepened to intense beauty as she heard footsteps on the stair; and a pink flusl tinged her cheeks when the door opened and a gentleman entered, his brown, curly hair full of large snow-flakes, and his army overcoat whitened with them. Girard !"

"Ida, my darling !" That was the betrothed lover's greeting after a six months' absence; and then, with one arm tight around her supple waist, and the other holding and caressing her little brown, plump hand, Colonel Gardner told her over and over again how he loved her and now, after so long and lonely a time, he had come to take her, his wife, with him to the Western fort where he was in com-

She must marry him on the morrow; and with blushes and downcast eyes she said she

To be sure, Girard, I have no weddingdress prepared—"
"This will do—you are as perfect as a pic-

ture in it, my Ida."

And then they talked t all over, never wearying of telling each other of the days, two years back, Girard had broken the engagement with Miss Winifred Beaumon vhen he learned of her selfishness, her unprincipled conduct, her harshness to the obscure sewing-girl, who had enslaved the gal-lant soldier's heart that very hour when she strove to conceal her tear-impearled gray

eyes from him. They liked to talk it over, and to-night their communion seemed doubly sweet, for, to-morrow—to-morrow—she would be his

And just then, when she had raised her sweet, shy eyes to his passionful face, there came a low, half-timid rap on the door. Girard opened it, and in the entry stood a woman in heavy black dress, shawl, and

"Is the dressmaker in—Miss Western?" Colonel Gardner half-started at the trangely familiar voice; his face was in the shadow, or, perhaps, he would have started more at a recognition that would have surprised him.

Ida came gracefully forward. What is it? Come in.

vail.

She entered, bearing a carefully folded 'It is the last remaining dress of a once

you, who made it, might purchase it again, if only for a trifle. It has never been worn

This the stranger had explained to Ida, while Colonel Gardner had stepped into the entry while the business was transacted. But before Ida could reply, he returned, and sauntered over to the mantelpiece.

A low, agonized cry suddenly came from under the heavy vail—and the lady reeled,

and fainted. Very radiant was Ida Western in her wedding robe of pure white, that next day neon; and Girard Gardner, as he stooped to kiss her, laid his hand almost reverently on its filmy folds.
"Isn't it almost miraculous, Ida, that this

"Isn't it almost miraculous, Ida, that this "It's very elaborate, Miss Beaumont, and I've been three weeks making it, all by hand, as you objected to machine work on tulle and crope?"

"I know I objected, and I also object to pay twenty-five dollars for a dress that you have social." improved the results of the property of the content of the property of the proper

swooned a way to To think that such sud-

And, with his arms around her, he blessed the day he first had seen his wife's Wed-ding Dress.

# The Prophet's Rock.

BY MISS M. F. BURLINGAME.

FRANK WILSON picked up his hat and started, but paused with his hand on the oor-knob, saying:
"It's no use to continue this scene any

It's no use to continue any thing any longer," answered Dora Maxwell, the red spot on her cheek growing brighter.

"Just as you say; I am not particular."
"That's the first time you have agreed with me this evening," she said, angrily.

His eyes flashed defiantly, but he remained silent, waiting.
"It seems that we have made a mistake,"

she went on, seeing that he did not intend to reply, "that we are unsuited, that we can not agree and be happy together, and I think the sooner we separate the better." "I am of the same opinion. I'm sure I have no wish to marry a vixen."
"And I don't want to live with a ty-

'I'm sure I don't want you to." "Then you may consider yourself free," she replied, with an imperious gesture, and turned to the piano, as though she could annul all the past by that one angry sentence.

Wilson stepped into the hall without another word, waited a moment hoping that Dora would call him back, then slammed the front door and was gone.
"So that's the end of that," he muttered.

"Big fool I've been to be blind so long! Such a temper! Unreasonable too! No man save Job could have patience to live with her. Glad I found her out before I was tied fast.'

He strode viciously down Washington street, looking into the billiard saloons, and the ten-pin alleys, and the Dutch beer-gardens, feeling tempted for the first time to go in somewhere and make a night of it. He concluded, however, not to disgrace his manhood, though he had been a fool and was just awakened from the sweetest dream of his life, and finally he went home and

Dora soliloquized something after this fashion I'm glad it's over! He's a perfect ty-

rant! If he can't have his own way in every thing there's a fuss. I won't be imposed upon by my husband, if I have to live nd die an old maid! So there!"
She went to her room to finish her prepa-

rations for the grand excursion on the next day to the Tippecanoe battle-ground. A train had been chartered for the occasion, and all were anticipating an unusually merry time. Dora had dreamed over it for a week. Frank had planned a little ramble together in the woodlands; she had arranged her dress in view of looking as pretty as possible for his sake, and through her agency more than one of his favorite delicacies were ready for her lunch-basket. And now, she and Frank had quarreled, and he was not any more to her than Dick Gray or John

"I don't care," she said, defiantly, over and over again, determined to make herself believe it. "I don't care, I'm going, anyhow, and I'll enjoy myself as much, if not

You see it was a regular lovers' quarrel about nothing. Both were hot-tempered, and as self-willed as a pair of unbroken mules. One word led to another, until each thought the other a selfish, unreasonable creature. Bitter, stinging sentences were uttered, and all the love and trust forgot-

When they met in the depot next morning, each was ready for a dignified reconciliation, provided the other would make the first advances. But Dora, determined not to be imposed upon, would not even give Frank a friendly glance, and he was equally

So she devoted herself to half a dozen men, and he to as many girls, and each stole long, cautious glances at the other. In the train and on the grounds, they were the gay est and wittiest of the crowd, yet all the while their hearts ached as though they would break; and the blue sky seemed and the twittering birds and fragrant flow ers, a mockery; and life, a burden of bitter-All this sounds absurd, but it is just as they did and felt.

In the afternoon, Dora sent off her cavaiers on various pretexts, that she might have a little quiet in which to nerve herself anew While sitting alone, her seven-year-old brother came sauntering up.

"It's a kind of humbug, isn't it, Dode?" he asked, with the air of a discontented octogenarian I don't know. Haven't you been enjoy-

ing yourself?" Only tol'rably." 'Why, what's the matter ?"

"Why, first, Bob Norris couldn't come. His mother said he was too little, and he's half a head taller than me, and 'most as big as his pa. I seen him in the depot this mornin'. He was a notion to come, any-how, if he did have his everyday clothes on. Only he was 'fraid the cars would run off

the track, or somethin' awful happen, 'cause

his last Sunday school-book told about a boy that runned off when his mother wouldn't let him go, and he went out in a boat with some folks, and the boat struck a rock and went to the bottom, clean out of sight, and nobody ever knew what become of that

"What is the humbug?"
"Why, the battle-ground. It's just like any other grove. I thought there'd be fortifications, and arrers, and Injin bones, and cbbe I'd find somethin' that belonged to

mebbe I'd find somethin' that belonged to Gen'ral Harrison."

"It has been a long time since the battle."

"I know. An old gentleman told me all about it a while ago. He was a bully old feller."

"Don't be disrespectful."

"I ain't. He was bully. He showed me where the Injins hid; and where the soldiers threw up breastworks, they ain't nothin' now but little low mounds; and where the soldiers were buried, there's just little hollows there. He showed me spots on the hollows there. He showed me spots trees where bullets lodged, and I dig one out, but I broke my knife and didn't

den reverses have come to her, while I am happy—oh, so, so happy!"

Her tender gray eyes fully attested her truthfulness.

"Are you, my dearest? And, God willing, you never shall be otherwise while I live."

"It won't be my old one. Unche Harry give me that when I was a little boy. He showed the rock t'other side of that cornfield, where the Prophet sat and sung, and told the Injins how to fight. I wanted to told the Injins how to fight. I wanted to go and see it, but I didn't like to go by my-self, and I couldn't ask the old gentleman to go, 'cause he's feeble. I asked Dave (his to go, 'cause he's feeble. I asked Dave (his sixteen-year-old brother), but he only said 'Pshaw!' and went off to see the 'Lightning Bugs' play base-ball. Then I asked Rose Nelson, but she called me a dear, and said she was 'fraid she'd tear her dress, and off she went with Frank Wilson. I don't like her now, and I won't have her for my sweetheart any more. I don't like Frank, either. Why isn't he with you to-day, like he used Why isn't he with you to-day, like he used

"How would you like for me to go to the Prophet's Rock with you?" asked Dora, ignoring the pertinent question.
"Jolly! Will you go, Dodie?" wistfully.
"Yes, Johnny, come on, I'm tired of staying here"

ing here. They clambered down the bank and cross

ed Tippecanoe creek near the mineral springs back of the seminary. "Let's cross on the 'spension bridge," said Johnny, stopping on a stone in the middle

"No, it is too far. We'll cross it when we come back, and then go right on to the station. The train will leave in less than two

hours."

They went across the bottom, along the edge of the cornfield, to the bluff where the Prophet's Rock is situated. After sitting on it a short time, they rambled up a little ravine in search of spring flowers.

A storm had been gathering all the afternoon, so quietly that the excursionists did not notice it. Suddenly a dark, thick cloud overspread the sky, and a loud thunder-peal sounded an alarm.

"Come, Johnny," said Dora, "we will be caught in the storm." "Wait a minnit; it don't rain soon as it thunders. Guess I've found a squirrel's

"Come, Johnny, we must go," she called anxiously, a few minutes later.

Johnny started reluctantly. They were

far up the ravine, the storm came on quickly, and when they reached the Prophet's Rock the rain was beginning to fall rapidly. Dora saw that it was impossible to go on. The wind almost lifted her from her feet, and the rain would soon be blinding. She look ed about for shelter, and discovering a ledge of rocks protected by thick bushes, she and Johnny crept under it.

'I'm so sorry we come," said poor Johnny, now the train will go off and leave us." Maybe the rain will stop so we can get there in time," said Dora, cheerily. don't, we can go on the regular train at

The storm increased in fury. The wind raged along the valley like a wild beast let loose, the rain dashed down almost in rivulets, the flashes of lightning were blinding in their brightness, and the thunder-peals hook the bluffs. Dora heard the excursion train leave, and the seven o'clock train, vet she dared not face the furious storm. After dark, the wind lulled, and the rain slacked to a drizzle. Dora and Johnny crawled out and tried to look around.

We can go over to the town, can't we?" asked Johnny; "we can cross on the 'spen-

"It is so dark I fear we could not find the bridge, and if we did we could not see to walk over safely.'

She called several times, in hopes of obtaining assistance, but the roaring and rushing of the Tippecanoe, then swollen to the dimensions of a small river, overpow-

"I guess we will have to camp out, to night," she said, turning to their place of The bears will get us," cried Johnny,

terrified 'Oh, no; the bears were all killed long

'I'm so cold and hungry, and I want to go home," he sobbed, pitifully.
"I know, dear; but we will have to be We'll play we are very brave to-night. hunters, searching for a famous white deer and that we got caught in a storm, and lost our previsions, and we'll tell long stories in

camp. I'll tell you a story—then you must

tell me one.'

She commenced a long, wonderful story, and in half an hour Johnny was asleep.

Dora was tired, and chilled, and cramped and hungry. The suffering and heart-ache of the day had unstrung every nerve, and rendered them so sensitive that her whole being throbbed with pain. The fatigue and excitement of the storm had weakened her to exhaustion. The drear darkness and loneliness oppressed her, and no longer compelled to keep up a brave appearance

for Johnny's sake, she sobbed and shivered

like a sick, weak child. The wind surged and moaned with a human pathos in its minor key. To her strained, excited hearing, the slow-falling rain sounded like clods dropping on a coffinlid, and the rushing Tippecanoe like a cata Through the darkness and rain she could see the lights in the village, and her imagination pictured the warmth and shelter, and love they represented, from which she was separated by the overflowed bottom and swollen stream.

She and Johnny were shut out from the storm, all alone-'So lonely 'twas, that God himself scarce seemed to be.'

She could suffer through that night some way; the morning would bring light and 10. When angry, count ten before speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

warmth, and food, and home; but her life would still be enveloped in darkness and storm. A thousand memories of Frank's goodness and love, and tenderness, rushed

through her soul in quick succession.
"If Frank were only here," she wailed.
"This comes from that miserable quarrel. Why were we not more forbearing and patient? Why was I so hasty and hateful? Oh, Frank, my darling! have I lost you?"
In the solemn solitude she realized how intensely she loved him.

intensely she loved him.

In the confusion and fright occasioned by the storm, Dora and Johnny were not missed. Dave supposed they were with Wilson in another car, Wilson, distracted with Rose Nelson's fright, thought them safe with Dave, and did not search. It was nearly dark when they reached Indianapolis, and a drizzling rain was falling. Brothers and fathers, laden with umbrellas and cloaks, were writing in the Union depot. Mr. Maxwell was there, looking in vain for Dora and Johnny.

"Dave!" he exclaimed, seizing that youngster by the shoulder, "where are Dora and Johnny?"

"Guess they're here somewhere. Haven't

"Guess they're here somewhere. Haven't seen 'em since dinner." "Help me look, quickly; I can't find

Wilson, passing beard the conversation, and handing Miss Rose over to another escort, joined in the search.

The three met a few minutes later for a children with the search.

consultation. They could obtain no cheeto the missing. No one had seen them since the beginning of the storn They must have been left behind !" ex-

They rushed into the telegraph office. "No office at Battle Ground," answered

the operator. "The regular down-town train leaves Battle Ground at seven," he said, when the trouble was explained. "If they were left, they will probably come on that."

Is there no way to learn whether they "I can telegraph to Lafayette to inquire of the conductor. The train stops there

ten minutes."
"Do so, then." Dave ran home to make sure they had not come. "They are not here," he reported, panting. "Jennie Gray says she saw them across the creek shortly before it thun-

"She must be at Battle Ground some-nchere," said Wilson, turning pale. "I am going back on the next train." 'So am I," said Dave; "it will leave

Frank Wilson had ample time for reflection, and his thoughts were followed by repentance. He upbraided himself for his harshness, his selfishness, his cruel work. He imagined her struggling with the storm, caught and carried away by the relentless current, and lying somewhere dead and white. His dear little Dora, he could never

forgive himself. It seemed ages before they reached Battle Ground at eleven. The agent and two or three sleepy-looking men were up yet in the ticket-office. The agent had not heard of

any one being left.

"Was she a likely young woman, dressed in blue?" asked an angular, honest-looking man, coming out of a corner and shaking binaches. himself. "A kind 'o light, airy creeter?"
"Yes."

"An' was the boy a cute little feller?" "Yes. Do you know anything of them?"
"I was plowin' in the bottom, an' I see'd em gwine over to the Prophet's Rock bout half an hour fore that thunder-clap. They stayed there a little bit, an'then went up the holler. I'd forget 'bout them, but the lidn't come back while I was there, an' I

stayed till it poured down. "Do you think they are there now?"
"Likely. No woman and child co No woman and child could come over through that storm, an' it didn't slack till arter dark. If they tried to come, then, God help 'em. Come with me, young man, an' we'll take lanterns, an' a beast apiece, an' look arter 'em."

Dora, aroused from a short, fitful doze, saw the moving lanterns, and watched them breathlessly, as they came nearer and nearer. She could hear the plashing of the horses feet. They came directly toward her, and paused so near that she could hear the wheezing of one of the animals.

Dora! She recognized Dave's voice, but she could not utter a sound. "Dora! Dora!"

Her lover's call unclosed her speech. "Frank! Frank! here I am." Taking Johnny in her arms, she tottered from behind the bushes, and a red glare from the lanterns fell upon her. Frank prung to her side, and catching Johnny, anded him up to Dave. Then lifting Dora on his horse in front of the saddle, he folded er closely in his arms, and told their guide o lead the way.

"Dora, my precious darling, I thought I had lost you. Pve suffered so to-day."
"So have I." "Can you forgive every thing, Dora?" "It's all forgiven. Can you forgive me, Frank "There's nothing to forgive. I was most to blame. You will be my own dear wife,

There! I'm not going to tell you the nswer and how it was emphasized. Suffice it to know that there in the darkness and the cold drizzling rain, perched as they were on a great, bony, wheezing horse, the glory of paradise descended upon them, and they had no more quarrels.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.-The following ules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his nameake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, 1825

1. Never trouble others with what you 2. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do yourself

3. Never spend your money before you 4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.

5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst

6. We never repent of having eaten too

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.

9. Take things always by their smooth

handle 10. When angry, count ten before you



### A VISION OF REST.

BY ST. ELMO.

The dark-blue fringe of the Eastern sky, With the red moon wading softly on, Through azure depths, with a weary sigh— That Memory builds some hopes upon.

The shadows draped with a silv'ry cast, Where the fire-flies flit about the strea Whose pearly bells with a rush flew pas Like the mazes of some magic dream. The tall pine trees with their tassels fair,

And the moonlight streaming in between Was a sight that made the fairies stare, As they danced around the sylvan scene.

Oh, weary heart, with your load of woe, Arise, and crush back the thrill of dread. That shrouds your life with a dismai flow, Recalling some thoughts that should be dead.

Out on the waves of the fleecy air,
The low-toned note of the whippowill
Softly ascends in a mellow pray'r,
Through the arch of Heav'n, so calm and still.

Over the stream where the lifes grow, And the dew-drops shed their silver tears. Where the perfuned breezes gently blow, Rippling the waves of the crystal meres.

Where the Mountain Heart's Ease sheds delight, Kissing the folds of the star-lit air, And the moonbeams struggling cold and white, 'Mid the rocks where fairies plait their hair.

This is the place where the weary soul, After the toils of the day are o'er, Can strive once more for the destined goal. That his lonely heart has sought before. Oh, voiceless moon, with your pale, sad face, Wiit list to a weary mortal's sigh, And remove from his lone heart the trace Of the wither'd hopes that 'round it lie?

Just over the dim horizon's bar,
The flush of the early morn appears,
And o e by one, each beautiful star,
With its weal-h of glory, disappears.

And a sweet, delicious sense of rest, As the shadows here and there grow dim, Steals softly into my troubled b east, And my soul draws nearer unto Him.

# The Red Rajah:

THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.

A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES. BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

(LAUNCE POYNTZ.) AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," "THE GRIZZLY HUN-TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD"

> CHAPTER XVII. MISS EARLE.

The next morning, every one was down to breakfast bright and early. Don Grego-rio made his appearance in the same solemn black as on the evening before, but Claude and his host were both in cool white duck. Don Gregorio's glance was bent anxiously on Marguerite as she came in. The child looked pale, as if she had passed a poor night, but no remarks from any one indicated that she had been seen outside

When Julia Earle came down to table, breakfast was half over. The young lady was a perfect picture of health and beauty.
Don Gregorio's bow of greeting was lower
than usual. In spite of himself, he felt
pleased with Julia's dazzling looks.

Miss Earle opened a rattling conversation with the don, and brought every one at table in. The only silent one this morning was Claude. He was anxious to get away about his business, and excused himself as soon as possible.

At what o'clock shall I expect you, monsieur?" asked Rodriquez, as he left the

"As soon as I can get back," returned the Virginian; "I will bring a horse for

"Au revoir," said the don, pleasantly and the sailor left the room. "What are you going to do this morning?" asked Julia, of the don, as Claude

"We are to take a ride through the country, and see the lions," he responded. "Th senor Claudio has promised to make up a party with some officers from the garrison. But I thought that he sailed this morning?" said Julia, looking at him shrewdly.
"He has given up the idea, at my request,

Indeed?" said the lady. "Why, you must have fascinated the gentleman, Don Gregorio." I have sometimes been told that I have fascinating manners," said Don Gregorio,

Julia Earle looked at him for several minutes, but the don was too old an actor to be disconcerted.

The old merchant had taken his departure to his warehouse before this, and Marguerite was the only other person in the room besides the servants. Julia suddenly rose from the table.

Don Gregorio," she said, "will you come into the garden a few minutes? want to speak to you." Artless little Marguerite started guiltily. She could not conceal her emotions. Julia

did not seem to notice her, however. Don Gregorio rose and bowed. shall be only too happy, with so charming a companion," he sa

The lady took his arm, and they left the room, poor little Marguerite remaining behind, half-fearing, half-doubting that something was the matter.

Julia, as she passed through the hall, caught up a broad hat, and set it on her sunny curls, and then walked quietly by Don Gregorio's side till they reached the

eventful arbor. There she took her seat, and spread out her gauzy skirts over the bench, like white billows. Don Gregorio stood before her, hat in hand, and waited for the lady to open

the conversation. From a certain meaning look, it was evident that something was on her mind.
"Don Gregorio," she said, presently, "do

you think I have good eyesight?"
"If the beauty of the organ betokens strength of vision, senorita, your eyesight must be wonderful."

And the don bowed low Thank you, senor. Compliments apart, I can see as far as most people. Well, then,

will you please to look toward the house?" I obev, senorita. "You see that there is an opening in this

' I do." "And opposite to it there is a window?"

"Well, senorita."
"Well, senor. That window is mine."

"Happy window!" said Don Gregorio,

sentimentally. You are fond of moonlight walks, You take them even when there are tigers about. I saw the creature you killed. But then, senor, other people may be fond of moonlight. I am, for one. I prefer to enjoy it from my window.

There was a beautiful moon last night, Don Gregorio; but I should never have dreamed of walking out to enjoy it. I saw you go out, and I thought to myself that you were rash. But I did not know you well enough to remonstrate with you. So I kept still by my window behind the curtains."

Don Gregorio stood looking at her steadily with a cool but rather stern gaze. He did not try any more compliments. He was measuring his situation. How much did this girl know or suspect?

Julia looked at him in turn out of her magnificent blue eyes. Her gaze was one of decided admiration for the bold, handsome stranger. She waited for him to speak.

Well, senorita, and is that all you have

well, senorita, and is that all you have to tell me?" he asked, at last.
"Not quite," she replied, smiling. "I saw you walk out into the garden and disappear among the bushes. I had almost made up my mind to call to you, and warn you, when I saw another figure come out and follow you. Senor Don Gregorio Rodriquez, that second figure was a woman. More than that, it was Marguerite, and I

"Well, well," he said, abruptly. "To the end of this. You saw that. What else did you see?"
"I saw you two together in this arbor,

senor. You seemed to be on excellent terms for people introduced last night. I resolved to be sure. I beheld you through an opera-glass. It was you and Marguerite de Favannes, and she lay in your arms, and you kissed her. That set me to thinking. I said to myself, "They have seen each other before. Where was it?" And as I thought, I could come to but one conclusion. Either I could come to but one conclusion. Either Marguerite de Favannes is a loose, abandon."

ed wretch without a shred of character—"

"Hush! if you please," he said, sternly.

"Or," she went on, quietly, "Don Gregorio Rodriquez is an impostor, and has known her before. And the only man who has known her before is." has known her before is-' She paused. Don Gregorio Rodriquez drew himself up

to his full hight. "You are quite right," he said. "I will spare you further words. I am the Red Rajah."

Julia Earle looked at him now with undisguised interest.
"You are a brave man," she said, quietly.

"A desperate man, Do you not fear your enemies here? Think. If I were to denounce you, death on the gallows would be your portion."
"But you will not denounce me," he said,

coolly.

"Because, to do it, pretty lady, you must go to Singapore. Bethink you. You are alone in this garden with a noted PIRATE, whose very name signifies the blood he has shed. What is to prevent my burying a kriss in your white bosom, and leaving here before any one knows of it?

"Every thing, and looking him straight in the eye, without blenching or qualing. "In the first place, you are no Malay."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Every feature of your face is Caucasian, and no Malay ever spoke French as you do.

Being a Caucasian, you are not a coward. Necessity may make a man do many

things," he answered.
"Well, then, there is a second reason. If you were to murder me, how could you get to sea? It would be found out before noon, and the whole squadron lies in port. How could your vessel pass under the guns of five frigates and the Avenger !"

Even while she spoke, came the boom of There is your answer!" said the Red Rajah, with a smile of triumph, folding his arms, and standing before her.

dron is under way now, to sail after the Red Rajah. And while they are hunt-ing for a vanished nation, among a desolat-ed Archipelago, the Red Rajah himself stands in Singapore; and his fleet lies hidden in fifty little creeks round here; and his men are scattered all round this very plantation. Do you want to see which of us is in the other's power, Miss Earle? If you do, sound this whistle."

And he drew from his vest pocket a small whistle of gold set with dispendent and of

whistle of gold, set with diamonds, and of-

"No, my fair lady," he continued: "your watching last night was very ingenious, no doubt. You found out semething, but you made the worst night's work of your life."
"What do you want here, then?" demanded Julia, turning a little pale.

I did want only one thing," he answer-"It was my little Marguerite, who was stolen from me. She was my child-angel. In her I seemed to see my youth once more the days when I was good and happy. Well, if it had not been for you, I should have taken her away, and left this Claude to you. Marguerite says you're fond of him. You would have lost a rival. Now I've

And what will you do now?" she asked. shrinking back in spite of herself, before this

Instead of one, I shall take two," he replied, a grim smile curling his mustache.
"We Malay pirates are all Mahommedans,
you know." You shall be the sultana of my narem. And as for your Claude, he dies to day, for stealing Marguerite, and burning my palace.

Julia turned from white to the brightest scarlet in a moment. She trembled and her eyes sought the ground. The words of the Red Rajah were brutally plain, and she felt herself so utterly in his power. She had come out, triumphant and ready to torment him, meaning to warn him away, and allow him to escape at last.

Now the tables were turned. But was she to escape? While she stood confused, a second loud boom! was heard. The Rajah laid his hand on her arm, and pointed sea-

The Palms" overlooked Singapore and the bay. There, out in the offing, the white sails of the squadron were to be seen, shining in the sun, as they pointed their bowsprits eastward, toward the hidden shores of mys-

terious Borneo. "There goes the last of your friends," said the Red Rajah, sarcastically; "and here comes the first of my enemies."

As he spoke, the sound of horse-hoofs

was heard, and the next minute a group of horsemen rode up the broad gravel sweep that led to Mr. Earle's house. Julia Earle was going to scream for help, but the Rajah checked her with a simple gesture. He held

Be careful, girl," he said. "If you want to see them all krissed in one half-minute,

Julia was silent.

"Now listen," he continued; "I am going away with these gentlemen. You may take it into your head to try to get to Singapore, and spread an alarm. Now let me warn you. There will be fifty men, lurking in this jungle, till I come back. They have orders to kriss every living creature that tries to escape. It is quite an ugly weapon this kriss, Miss Earle. Look at it. These wavy lines tear the flesh terribly. Every man will have one of them. I should regret to have you krissed. It would pain me ineffably. But if you try to escape, it will happen. Try it, and you'll see them all killed before your eyes. A word to the wise. Now, farewell. I must go and see my friends." The Rajah stalked off to the house, leaving Julia alone.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TABOO TREE.

CLAUDE PEYTON was standing on the steps of the veranda with three other gen-tlemen. A group of native servants, holding several horses, stood on the gravel sweep outside. The white men were talking to-gether when Don Gregorio approached them, and turned to meet him at once.

The don advanced leisurely, scanning the group as he came. They were all officers of Native Infantry in their undress uniform; and the brown case which one of them car ried, proclaimed the surgeon

Claude advanced to meet the don with a stately bow. His turn was coming, he felt. He could not be put down by this man's insolence any longer.

"Senor Claudio, I salute you," said Rod-

riquez, politely.
Claude bowed again; but so slightly, so frigidly, that the courtesy became almost an insult. Then he turned to the officers who Then he turned to the officers who

accompanied him.
"Gentlemen," he said, "allow me to introduce to you Don Gregorio Rodriquez, a Spanish gentlemen from Manilla. He will join our riding party, at his own request. Don Gregorio, Captain Grey, Captain Manyers, and Dr. Brown. Captain Manyers has kindly consented to act as your friend, and

Ceremonious bows from all the gentle-"I am truly obliged to Capitan Man-vairs," answered the don, speaking the broken English he affected in company. The captain bowed again. He was a heavy Indian officer, renowned for his proficiency

in "the code."

"Very happy, I'm sure," he answered, in a deep bass voice. "In these matters, I always believe in taking time by the forelock, gentlemen. The authorities have no time to interfere. Shall we get to horse? We can arrange our little matters on the way, you know."

It is surprising how punctilious a second becomes, on his principal's behalf, and how anxious to engage. But in this case both principals were equally anxious. Claude in "the code."

principals were equally anxious. Claude was completely exasperated; and the don was determined to have revenge for the loss the other had made him sustain. "I agree with you, captain," said the panish gentleman. "Which of these

Spanish gentleman. "Which of these horses, may I ask, is intended for me?"
Claude indicated the animal.
"I thank you, sare," said Rodriquez.
Then he turned and called out:

'Muda! Muda!" A little swarthy Malay came from the house, stealthy and barefoot. It was the don's servant. The latter handed him a magnificent

kriss and a small gold-mounted revolver, with which Muda went into the house. Now, senores, vamonos," said the don, he spoke; "let us depart. I am in your

Five minutes afterward, Julia Earle, still sitting in the arbor, meditating over her singular position, saw the whole cavalcade sweeping down the broad gravel road, on their way to the jungle outside

She started up, and hurried to the house, determined to alarm the servants at any hazard, and make some attempt to escape

We must leave her, to follow the "riding party." As soon as they were outside the plantation and entered the jungle, they turned to the left, and took a side road which led into the back country, along

which they rode for some time. Cantain Manyers entered into conversa tion with the principals, as to the details of the coming duel. He was delighted with the readiness with which the Spaniard accepted his suggestions

"Caro, senor," said Rodriquez; "you sall arrange heem as you sall laike. I put myself in your hand. Vell, den, you are my second, and vy should I discommode myself till ve are on de ground?'

Don Gregorio," said the captain, "you are a man after my own heart, and it's a pleasure to act for you. I hope I may have that honor many a time, yet

"Gracias, senor," returned the Spaniard.
Ven shall ve get to dis ground?" 'It's close by, now," said Manvers "Grey and I went out there about a month ago when he shot Paddy Blake, of the Fusiliers. Paddy was a good fellow, Don Gregorio but Grey sent him home invalided. It's a sweet little spot of ground for an affair. Just a nice distance for pistol-shooting, and the ground smooth as a billiard table. pity you and our friend, there, didn't choose pistols, don. There's something

'Eet is not our affair, senor," interposed don, with a polite smile. "Howevair, the don, with a polite smile. I tink dat we can manage to keel each odair with de sword.

so neat in popping a man over at ten

I suppose so," admitted the captain. "Well, here we are, now."
As he spoke, Captain Grey, who rode with
Peyton and the doctor at the head of the

party, wheeled off sharp to the right, down a narrow jungle path, and in five minutes after the ground was reached. As Manvers had said, it was a sweet spot for an affair. A cool, green, grassy glade, about a hundred by fifty yards, the ground

smooth as velvet. A wall of tangled jungle, matted with twisting ratan, and encircling lofty teak-trees, shut in the little glade from intrusion. There was no human habitation within ten miles of the place. 'Now, then, Manvers," sung out Captain

Grey; "where shall we put 'em?" "Here, I think," responded the brotherofficer. "Keep the horses back there, or the ground will be all cut up. Better dismount before we examine it. The whole party accordingly dismounted

in their own thoughts. The doctor retired in their own thoughts. The doctor retired to a shady spot under a tree, where he opened his case of instruments, and examined them with the cold-blooded pride peculiar to his amiable profession. The two seconds inspected every inch of the ground, as carefully as if it had been a croquet-ground. They fell into little discussions over every They fell into little discussions over every lump on the turf, and finally went into rap tures over one particular place, about fifty

"Such a place never was seen," protested Manvers, and Grey agreed with him. Now they returned to the side of the glade

where their principals stood.
"Come, gentlemen," said Manvers, briskly, "we're all ready for you now. Grey has the swords, which we have measured, and find correct. Will you be pleased to

Claude took off his coat, and handed it to his second, and the don imitated his example. Vests followed, and then came the question of searching both parties for conealed armor, according to the practice in these little "affairs."

Peyton obviated the necessity in his own case for search, by stripping off his shirt, and standing there naked to the waist. The don preferred to retain his shirt apparently. Now at last everything was ready. The

swords, light, thin blades, with keen points, were placed in the hands of the men, and they were conducted to the ground by their The spot selected was admirably smooth. The seconds had even refrained from stepping on it, for fear of trampling the surface. Claude felt the clastic turf under his feet,

and took the post assigned to him by Cap-Now, for the first time, the two men canned each other closely, as they stood

within ten feet. The seconds retired, and watched their "By Jove! They're a splendid match," whispered Grey to Manvers.

And so they were. Both gentlemen were very nearly equal in hight. The slight advantage possessed in this respect by the Spaniard, was balanced by the heavier frame of the young Virginian. Their faces were strikingly different

in coloring, but similar in contour The florid complexion, brown hair and mustache of Claude, were contrasted with the dark pale face of the Spanish gentleman, with its intensely black hair and eyes. But their profiles were both high and aquiline, and their general appearance, when close together, was that of an "excellent match," as the captain said.

Don Gregorio and Claude advanced slow ly and cautiously toward each other, and

In so doing, it seemed, for the first time, the Spaniard's eyes became fixed on Claude's

There, tattooed in faint, blue marks, was the mysterious symbol of the serpent-cir-No sooner did the don see the mark, than his whole demeanor changed. From a quiet, sneering, impassive gentleman, he suddenly became an astounded man, over-

whelmed with some mysterious emotion. Uttering a sort of cry of horror or terror, he sprung back several paces, and stood, shaking all over, pointing at Claude with his left hand.

He was as pale and terror-stricken as a

man who had just seen a ghost.

Claude himself was astonished at the other's demeanor. Involuntarily his sword followed that of Rodriquez, and sunk to the earth, where the point stayed.

Don Gregorio turned a gray, ashy face on Captain Manvers, as he pointed with trem-bling finger to the young Virginian. Who is that man? What is his name?" he asked, in low, husky tones. Captain Manvers was astonished and

shocked. Such an outrage on dueling proprieties had never occurred in his expe-"Confound it, man!" he answered, angrily, you should have asked these questions be fore you crossed swords. Do you want to get out of a fight on the very ground? It

can't be done, while I am your second.' The Spaniard appeared hardly to hear him. He turned to Grey, instead.
"Oblige me, sir," he said, hurriedly, and

in perfect English; "what is this gentle man's name? I did not know it." 'I am at a loss to understand your question, sir," replied Grey, haughtily. is your object in asking it? I should re commend my principal to answer it with his sword. Manvers, I'm afraid Peyton has een trapped into an affair with a braggart white feather." And the English captain's

lip curled scornfully.

But Don Gregorio did not seem to heed either of them. He only caught the last

Peyton, did you say?" he asked. "Is his name Peyton? They called him

Don Gregorio was in a strange state. He hardly seemed to be in his senses. He stared around him with ashy face, the drops of had recovered from his surprise. He saw in this, like the others, only an attempt to deprive him of satisfaction. He spoke

himself now. My name is Claude Peyton, Don Gregorio Rodriquez. Claude Peyton it was whom you insulted last night; twice insulted, and most grossly. You can not do away with that, now, I can tell you. Raise your sword, and defend yourself, sir. My turn

Don Gregorio turned round to him. If I had known who you were, sir," he said, in a low voice, but still with a sort of dignity struggling with his evident agita-tion, "I should not have said what I did. entreat you to press this affair no further."

"It is too late, Don Gregorio!" said the other, fiercely; "do you think that you can call me a coward, without blood being shed? I begin to think that some one else is the coward. Defend yourself, quickly, or I'll run you through.

And he advanced fiercely on the Spaniard. Don Gregorio dropped his weapon and open-Stab, then," he said, quietly; "I will not

Claude Peyton trembled all over with

"Heavens!" he cried; "how can I stab an unarmed man? Am I not a Virginian? Take up your sword, sir, or you are no gentleman. What! Are you to insult me, and then refuse me satisfaction except at the price of an assassination? Take up your sword, I say. You must give me satisfac-tion! You owe it as a gentleman, if you from their horses, which were led off by the syces to the bottom of the glade. The two were my own brother. Take up your sword, death this day; for I am the Red Rajah." principals stood apart from the rest, buried

Don Gregorio stood looking at the other with a strange glance. Claude was boiling with passion. The two captains were stamping and cursing to each other. They were like the spectators at a prize-fight when one of the men has sold the fight. They were wild with rage. The Spaniard spoke at last. "You have come from Virginia, Mr. Peyton," he said; "you know the rules of honor. I yield to you. I will give you satisfaction." He stood looking at Claude for a moment more, with that strange look. Then he stooped, and picked up the sword, and stood on guard

The Virginian attacked him at once, with all the skill in fence he was possessed of, and that was considerable. If it had not been, he would never have chosen the weap-

But he found, to his surprise, that Don Gregorio's skill was greater than his own. His arm was like iron. Again and again did the Virginian try to pass the bright point, that remained confronted to him, slight-looking but formidable barrier.
That point kept quivering in small circles,

and parried every thrust he made, the don standing like a bronze statue Captain Manvers rubbed his hands, and

observed to Grey:
"Pretty shaky, things began to look—eh!
Grey? But he fights beautifully now. Look

at that figure!" Claude was compelled to desist after a while, from pure exhaustion. Three times had he almost run on the don's point in his eagerness, and three times the light prick

varned him back in time.

warned him back in time.

The Spaniard made no advance on his part, and both parties rested their points on the ground, by mutual consent.

"Your temper is too quick, Mr. Peyton," observed Don Gregorio, calmly; "you fence too fast, and expose yourself too much."

Claude frowned angrily, but made no reply. He kept his breath for the second round. Presently, he was sufficiently re-covered to resume the fight. This time, he went slowly and cautiously to work. He had learnt enough of the Spaniard's skill to take his advice. He fought warily, and kept himself well covered. But with all his

ong-concerted attacks, he could not puzzle Every lunge was parried, and that uglylooking point was constantly arresting fur-ther progress, with the cool "stop-thrust." Claude grew wild as he grew weaker, and

Claude grew wild as he grew weaker, and finally making a desperate lunge, slipped and fell to the ground.

But Don Gregorio never offered to molest him while he lay there. He simply drew back, and rested his sword on the ground. Claude scrambled to his feet and stood panting. He felt inexpressibly mortified His life had been in the Spaniard's power, and he had been spared. Don Gregorio again addressed him, in his sad, deep voice. "Are you not satisfied yet? Will nothing but my blood content you? Look here, Mr. Peyton, I have shown these gentlemen that it was not fear that actuated me just now. I apologize for my words. You are no cow-

I apologize for my words. You are no coward. Will you let this matter drop?" Claude was a generous fellow, as we know. "The quarrel was not of my seeking, Don Gregorie," he said; "I am satisfied." And he threw down his sword on the

Then the don turned round to Captain Manvers, and his manner changed instantly. He became as coolly insolent as he had been forbearing and generous. "Captain Manvers," he said, "you were good enough to insinuate several things against my courage just now. Be pleased to take up that sword, and I will show you in five minutes that an English bully is the last person in the world that I fear.'

And as he snoke he struck the astounded captain a back-handed blow across the mouth with his left hand, that started the "claret Manyers gave a sort of roar of rage, and rushed for the sword, with which he flew at the Spaniard. Rodriquez gave but one long straight lunge, and the unhappy Englishman fell to the earth, run through the throat, and choking in death.

The sudden impromptu duel took place so suddenly, that neither Claude nor Grey could interfere between the slap, the clash of swords, and the final stab.

The Spaniard seemed transformed into a demon as he wrenched the bloody steel away from Manvers' body. He turned fiercely on Grey, who stood aghast, a half-scared specntor of the sudden slaughter of his brotherofficer "And you, too, sir !" he snarled. " Brag-

gart white-feather were the words you used.

Stand up to it, English dog, or die like Captain Grey was a brave man, but he turned pale before the concentrated ferocity of the Spania d's glance. However, he felt that he could not refuse the challenge. He picked up the sword fallen from Manvers' hand, and stood on his defense.

Claude stood dumbfounded at the sudden change of events. What or who was this strange being, so soft and gentle to him, so ferocious to others? He saw Grey take off his coat and vest

hurriedly, and throw them down, after which he stood on his defense. The combat was plainly unequal. Grey was overmatched and knew it. Rodriquez towered nearly a foot above him, for the Englishman was a small man. He made no feints. Only strong, straight lunges, one after the other, all aimed at the throat, and following one another so rapidly that the captain was compelled to back out of the contest, retreat being the only way to keep those lunges out. But as they came, fierce

and fast, each one came nearer, and poor Grey was beaten back, back, back, till at last the sharp point was buried in his throat.
Then Don Gregorio laid down the bloody sword beside the corpse of his second vic

You see, sir, I was not afraid." 'In the name of God, who are you?" he

tim, and turned to Claude.

The Spaniard took from his pocket a small gold whistle which he held up to the other. You see that. You shall be answered

in a moment." He blew a loud, shrill whistle. Instantly there was a rustle in the jungle, and two hundred wild-looking Malays burst in upon the scene, surrounding the frightened horse

holders with bare krisses.

The Spaniard drew himself up to his full hight, and pointed to the scarlet dresses of 'Do vou know me now?" he asked. "Do you wonder that I insulted you for stealing my Marguerite? You may thank the taboo

mark on your breast that saved you from (To be continued—commenced in No. 92.)







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#### CAPTAIN MAYNE REID'S MASTERPIECE

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and of not less interest, three or four series of papers from Ralph Ringwood; Captain "Bruin " Adams; Major Max Martine; which, in their exquisitely-told stories of adventure by field and flood, in the forest and on the plains, on the trail and scout, will prove more captivating than any contributions likely to be of fered by any journal for some time to come.

#### Our Arm-Chair.

The Reign of Dogs.—It is now "just the thing" for every lady of seventy to have a poodle dog, and "style" to bear it with her, wherever she goes. Therefore, a little black and tan, or a St. Charles, is essential. To be without a dog is a sure indication that you are not "among the first." To have a dog in your arms is a sure sign that you are not "qual Ladies, who would be shocked to be seen nursing their own babes, now have a fondle and a caress for their poodle. Young wo men, unmarried, who would scream with scorn at the bare suggestion of a baby in the parlor, give their poodles the softest restingplace on their best sofa. When the carriage is called, the poodie is carefully borne to it. His health demands an airing every day. He is talked to in the pretty pet language of tenderest affection.

Now, is not all this worse than absurd? Is it not positively disgusting? It certainly is so to every man who don't part his hair in the middle, and if it is not so to him, it is probably because he has a kind of fellow-feeling for the puppy. If a young man has "serious intentions" toward a young woman, and finds her with a puppy in her arms every time she appears in public, he may make up his mind that she'll do for a parlor ornament, or a milliner's sign, but not for a wife-a helpmeetcompanion. The woman who is qualifying herself to become a good wife, don't take dogs into her confidence, and let them absorb time attention and money.

This is our view of "the situation."

The Novelist's Power.-President Porter, of Yale College, in his most excellent and useful treatise on "Novels and Novel Reading," thus descants on the power which the great novelists exercise over their readers:

"The admiring and passionate devotee of Dickens is in danger of copying his broad caricature, his not very elevated or elevating slang, and the free and easy swing of the society in which Mr. Dickens delights. On the other hand, the intellect tual and high-toned devotee of Thackeray is likely to be not a little satirical, suspicious, and dissatisfied; to affect the nil admirari and the air of one who is compelled to live in a world of which he has al ready seen the hollowness, and for which he is a lit tle too good. The admiring students of George Eliot take a pensive view of our human life, sympa thize hopelessly with its sorrows and its tragedies, and above all, with its moral enigmas, seeing for it no redemption and no hope. They are as sad as night, only for wantonness.' Their burden is, the times are out of joint—oh, cursed spite, that we were ever born to set them right. Charles Kings ley's readers, on the other hand, are ready to set very thing right by force of music and pluck, or bravado and faith. The admirer of the witty O. W. Holmes is crisp, Voltairish, and satirical. The devotee of Hawthorne is unrelenting in certain moody prejudices, epicurean in his tastes and aspirations, and dreamy and uncertain in his theory of this life and the next. The admirer of Mrs. Stowe is generous, rash, one-sided and positive, and given to a variety of overdoing.'

This is much too precipitate in its deductions. While it is true that every great preacher influences his hearers, it would be rash to assume that all were affected alike, or even that any given number were permanently influenced. And if this be true of great speak-

novelists, for the reason that each reader has time for asserting himself, and for mixing in the grains of allowance from his own personality, which essentially modifies the novelists ideas or philosophy. President Porter has confounded impression with feeling. We read the novel to be emotionally excited, not to be impressed in reason, and the emotion, in most cases, is as effervescent as any other emotion, leaving not a shadow of conviction to mark its passage. The exceptions to this are just numerous enough to fortify the rule - that novel reading is a delicious mental pastime, not a mental training-school.

Current Publications.-We have drifting in upon us numerous publications which give striking evidence of the rapid progress which the public is making in their appreciation of the arts and sciences, and in the amen ities of life. In the various musical weeklies and monthlies, we have not only much excellent music for very little money, but a large variety of reading matter, eminently adapted for advancing musical taste and knowledge. They are, in fact, educators, and their combined circulation, which must be very large is a gratifying evidence of the widespread interest entertained by our people in music and art. Among these publications may be men-

DEXTER SMITH'S MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, LIT-ERARY AND ART PAPER. Boston. Monthly, \$1.00 per year. Edited by Dexter Smith.

ORPHEUS. A Repository of Music, Art and

Literature. New York and Boston. W. A. Pond & Co. \$1.00 per year.

THE FOLIO. A Journal of Music, Drama,

Art and Literature. Edited by Geo. Lowell Austin. Boston. \$1.00 per year. THE SONG JOURNAL. A Repertoire of Music and its Literature. C. J. Whitney & Co. De

troit. \$1.00 per year. Another pleasant paper, indicative of the good taste of its community of readers, is the PEOPLE'S MONTHLY, Pittsburg, Pa. \$1.50 per year. It is a folio about the size of Harper's Weekly, is beautifully illustrated, and edited with unexceptionable care. Every city in the land should foster at least one such home

The Seedsmen are outdoing themselves in their Catalogues for 1872. That of Vick, of Rochester, is not only very beautiful as a book, but is one of the most admirable Floral Guides we have ever seen. No novice or amateur in flower culture needs any more per fect directory to the character, culture and quality of flowers, bulbs, runners, etc., than this compendious catalogue, which is supplied to all applicants remitting ten centsabout one-fourth of the first cost of the work. The more of such publications that are disseminated, the better.

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#### PLEASURES AND PAINS.

No truer proverb was ever written than One man's meat is another man's poison, as the following lines will bear witness.

When the first fall of the wintry snow commences to deck the earth in its most beautiful covering, you will hear many looking forward to enjoyments throughout all the cold months. The merry sleighrides, where the horses seem to dance under the inspiring music of their bells: the warm buffaloes well wrapped around you; good stout overcoats to keep the body, and haircloth mittens to keep the hands from freezing, and, may I add it? the girl of your choice nestling by your side. Why should

you dread the winter? Skating on the pond is another of those delights you think to revel in. The welllighted pond—the hundreds of beaux and belles flashing here and there in their charmingly-setting costumes, looking to the be holder more like fire-flies than human be ings. The notes of an inspiring band com-plete the scene; and while this entrancing pleasure is being enjoyed, one wonders to himself why should any one dread the win-

In the old homestead all the dear ones are gathered around the blazing hearthstone, and listening to the many told tales of the days gone by, when grandfather had to do so much hard work to make a home West for his brood to live in; how the wild Indians used to prowl about the neighborhood, and almost scare grandmother out of her senses how she was brave enough to throw a blaz ing torch onto a couple of dusky savage who demanded admittance to her hut. fire burns so brightly; no fear of Indians disturbing the screnity of the scene; we again say, why should any one dread the

Let us look at the other side: When the snow begins to fall, the poor do not think of sleigh-rides, or skating, or merry gather They are obliged to think of the high price of fuel, of the many, many months they must work with benumbed fingers and shivering frames, to keep from starvation. It is no pleasure season for them. How can it be when we think of the many comforts not to say necessary things, they are deprived of? What temptations are they not obliged to resist? They have to pass the markets and see the many tempting meats and poultry displayed, which they have no means of procuring. Who could wonder if

ers, it holds with greater force with the great | to do so. You are not asked to give up your own pleasures, but you are commanded to mitigate another's pain. F. S. F.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

I THINK letter-writing may be classed among the Fine Arts. A good letter is a thing less frequently found than people with a limited correspondence imagine. We have numberless books on letter-writing, Chapters on the Art of Correspond ence," but of what use are they to the person who writes you that they "take their pen in hand to let you know that they are well, and hope these few lines will find you the same," as some people have an especial talent for doing! There is a "few lines," indeed, the brilliant quotation comprising the whole of the letter, with, perhaps, the interesting addenda that "they have had a great deal of fine weather of late."

Oh, dear! I do not believe my good nature would bear the strain of a lengthy correspondence with such a person! I am afraid the "old Adam" would so far get the advantage of me that about the third episile would go into the fire unopened. It is perfectly exasperating to receive a letter, and then find nothing inside the envelope save the intensely original matter referred to I don't believe there is any excuse for such stupidity in letter-writers. Why can

not people write of what they do, see, and hear, in a lively, interesting manner, instead of sending such instruments of torture as some of them do? Many persons in places teeming with life and activity, with every thing about them to furnish food for thought, write absolutely nothing worth the reading, unless they chance to be near and dear enough to render even the bare information of their welfare of interest to us.

Such letters come at long intervals. It eems an undertaking greater than any thing else, to such correspondents to write a let-ter. They put it off from time to time, dreading to do it, though what there can be so tedious in writing a page of matter written so often as to be at the tongue's end, is

difficult to imagine.

But, how pleasant are those letters which come to us from distant friends, full of interesting, though unimportant, news; chatty, sociable, humorous, and so natural in style, and so suggestive of the writer, as to almost bring him or her before us! With what eagerness we break the seal, recognizing the chirography, and peruse it again and again, and when we have read it so often that it is all in our minds, like Oliver

Twist, we sigh for "more."

Bless such letters and letter-writers! It is to be regretted that there are not more of Good talkers are frequently poor them. writers. People say whatever of wit, logic, philosophy or thought occurs to them, but when seated, with pen in hand and paper before them, they lose all naturalness of thought and expression, and either fill pages with mawkish sentiment, pedantically worded, or tie themselves down to orthodox commonplaces concerning the state of the weather, real and apparent, adding, perhaps, valuable imformation as to the price of but-ter and eggs, and finish by saying "they must close," which they proceed to do im-

mediately, much to your satisfaction.

Speaking of letter-writing—why don't folks write so that people won't have to be inspired to read it? Shakespeare is said to leave room for the imagination, but he is not the only writer who possesses that fa-culty.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF "ARTEMUS WARD." No. 3.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

[Mr. Griswold here continues his extracts of Ward's letters to him—some of which are of peculiar interest, as revealing the "Great Showman" as he was behind the scenes. The letters will add something to the biography of the man.—Ed.]

OFFICE OF VANITY FAIR, No. 100 Nassau st. New York, Nov. 15, 1861. "Dear Gris: I got your favor duly, and am very much obliged for your kindness in the matter of notices, etc.
"I have already over twelve hundred dollars

"I have already over twelve hundred dollars worth of engagements, and they are coming in daily. The prospect now is that I will have all I can do at it during the winter. I open in New London, Conn., the 26th of this mouth. I tremble some, but not much. I go all over—Boston, Portland, this city, Brooklyn, Toronto, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, etc., etc. I'm in for it—go or "bu'st," and I hope it will be a "go." I think my lecture will be a success, if I can fire it off properly. My book will be out the last of next month. Rudd & Carleton, Publishers.

Publishers.
"This is the turning-point of my chequered life. I am literally going to make a big thing or "bu'st." I am going for the big thing, and mean to fetch it. But we can't always tell; I life.

only say that I expect success.

'I wound up 'Washyboshy' abruptly, today. The idea of writing a comic serial with a day. The idea of writing a comic serial with a new book on hand, and about forty lecture engagements, saying nothing about a somewhat nervous state of mind, might probably call a rose-tint to the cheek of a howling maniac. So I stopped the blamed thing. I shall probably go to Cleveland, by-and-by, when I am easy on my pins. Of this hereafter. \* \* \* \* \* "Tell Tom Slow [Foreman of Plain Dealer, and personal friend of Ward's] that pursuing a career of infamy may be profitable for a spell, but sooner or later it ends upon the gallows. The way of the hair-dresser is hard. "Regards to —. Ask her if she knows of

"Regards to —. Ask her if she knows of any fine healthy girl worth \$25,000, who wants a good home. I begin to feel like getting mara good home. I begin to feel like getting mar-ried. I think it would be better for my appetite. "Write. Excuse me, sire, for not sooner re-sponding to your esteemed dispatch. In good sooth, my liege, I have been blamed busy, and haven't had time. Write right off. I am a beg haven't had time. Write ogs, ever, gared outcast, but I am, yours, ever, "Dr. Browne."

ON THE WAR-PATH. In a letter, dated "Fitchburg, Mass., March 26, '62," he writes:

"I am now going at the unprecedented rate of six nights a week, for a party who hire me and pay me promptly and liberally. Between ourselves, confidentially, I am tired of jamming over the country like a dern'd distracted comet, but it pays, and I shall 'continuer' probably until the first of May. The houses are good, and my employers are making a good thing as well as myself. The sun shines, and I am mak-ing hav. \* \* \* \*

ing hay. \* \* \* \* \*

"Be honorable, and never despise a man because he wears a ragged coat. I can't say no fairer than that.

"Faithfully, yours ever,
"CHARLES F. BROWNE." WARD INCOHERENCY.

means of procuring. Who could wonder if they were wicked enough to wish that envy and theft were not sins?

The hilarity of the pleasure-seekers seems like a mockery to their ears, for laughter and delight are strangers to them.

If you possess the means to aid those in need of it, bear in mind that it is your duty

WARD INCOMERSON.

Boston, July 30, '64.

"My Dear Gris: I am sorry I didn't have the chance to take you by the lily-white claw, the day you left New York. You know how busy I was with Hingston, and of course I need not apologize. I regret, though. It flows from the heart. Believe me. And go on in a glorious career. I will if you will.

Join me-you and Tom Kean and David Grey,

Join me—you and Tom Kean and David Grey, [Editors of Buffalo Courier.—G.] in a glorious career. We can do it afternoons. Goddelmity demands a clorious gareer of all of 'um! Bloomer is of it also. Indemnify 'um with any people you mingle of also. Bear these truthfulness into mind. And stick to the old flag!

"Tve got my entertainment—" Artemus Ward among the Mormons,'—under good headway, and shall open in September, if there are no draft riots. Don't, for God's sake, put any first rate notices into the papers about it, and send 'em to Carleton's, 413 Broadway.

"Yours, sincerely,"
"A. WARD."

In a letter recommending the writer as a correspondent to a New York weekly, he

"He is from the West, which has already given the world a Grant, a Cornell Jewett, a Vallandigham, and a "Yours, truly, "ARTEMUS WARD."

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### My Reception in England.

The reception of Alexis in America was a good deal like the honors which I received in England, on the renowned occasion of my memorable first visit there,

When I landed in Liverpool, all the bells in the city were rung for joy, making me feel greatly lifted up in spirit, and think that I was lucky in being me. It was Sabbath morning, yet that didn't prevent all the bells from being rung with a will. A great many fine carriages were at the land ing, and their owners, who were lords, dukes, etc., with whips in hand, struggled manfully with each other for the honor of conveying me, and they were so anxious that in their excitement I was nearly pulled to pieces, and my swallow-tailed coat was torn up the back.

I was finally lifted into a carriage and driven off. I asked my noble driver if he wasn't a duke. He said he was the Duke of Barouche, and asked me for a chew of to-

I was obliged to lift my white hat often, and wave my umbrella to the people on the sidewalks, who, as it was Sunday, forbore to yell and throw their hats and bonnets up, walking leisurely along, highly excited,

but very calm.
When I got to the hotel my neck was sore from bowing so much, and taking my carpet-sack, which contained my other pair of socks, and my other handkerchief, (which, although I had only worn them four weeks, were dark enough to make the customs' officer remark that there was a little too much American soil to be allowed to come into England without duty,) I was ushered into the hotel, told the host I was Whitehorn, shook hands with him, and was provided with an airy room on the fifth floor, as the host said I was the highest personage in the house, and nobody should be

My boots were blacked by a nobleman's son. I asked him if he wasn't, and he said he was.

I shortly after received a note from my noble driver, the duke, stating it was the custom for great men to present the driver with something in the shape of a memento, for his children. I apologized in a card, and sent him ten dollars for his boys.

I kept my room all day, ordering the host to tell the great crowd of distinguished men who would be sure to come, that I was tired, and needed repose, and that I hoped they would make no public demonstration.
At night I attended church incognito, but was pleasantly surprised, on entering, to see the whole concourse rise to their feet, and st out into a grand hymn, written fo the occasion, beginning-

"Come, thou fount of every blessing." I hadn't expected it. When the song was ended, and they had taken their seats,

I arose with dignity, and said:
"People of England! From my most interior heart I thank you for this reception to your shores. I can't say that I deserve to be called the 'fount of every bless ing,' but words fail me; God bless you."

I blew my nose, and sat down. This lit-

tle heartfelt speech pleased them, and they all laughed. I was the center of all eyes.

The people were so anxious to possess something that had belonged to me, when I got up in the morning I found they had even got into my room and taken my carpet-sack, boots, watch, and almost every thing I had. I thought in this matter they rather run things to extremes.

I telegraphed to the Lord Mayor that I would be in London that evening, and that I would prefer a quiet reception, and found on my arrival that the nobility were all out with their carriages as they were at Liverpool, and there was the same scrabbling. I was fortunate enough to get into the Lord Mayor's carriage. I asked him if he wasn't, and he said "the same." I had the landlord give me a front room with a balcony, which would be handy in case of a serenade, and one was given me that very night; but I must say that the English are not good musicians, and their instruments are quite rude. Nobody can get true harmony out of tin horns, etc.

I reviewed the fire department the next day, standing on the balcony as they rushed by to a fire down street, which I was informed was started expressly for the occasion. I waved my umhrella and cheered. The next day all London was a carnival

of festivity in honor of me. I asked several if it wasn't, and they said it was. (An Ameri can enemy wrote home that it was the Queen's birthday. We afterwards met in the United States, with shot-guns. I had fourteen thousand shot picked out of body. His body wasn't worth picking the shot out of). I sent word to the Queen that I had ar

rived; that my mission was purely peaceful and I didn't wish to molest her dominicus. She invited me to come and dine with them, and sent two carriages—one for me and one for my suit, she wrote. up my every-day suit and put it in the other carriage. The Queen bought a couple of extra mutton-chops and some more ginger cakes at the baker's, and we had a royal She observed that I ate with the meal. freedom of America. Prince Albert asked me why I did not present my suit. I had forgotten it, but unrolled it and presented it him. When the Queen got the dishe washed we had a friendly chat, and then I retired, they promising to visit me in state at my rooms in the American Hotel, Lincoln's But the next day I was obliged to Inn. start for home, having received word that one of my pigs was sick with the hog cholera. Your greatly honored

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms., and be scaled in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails a "Book rates,"—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fit-

We can make no use of the following contribuwhere stamps were inclosed for such return the same only where stamps were inclosed for such return, viz.;
"The Still Heart;" "The Winter of Life;"."

Precious Possession; "Lord, keep my Heart Green;" "A Day of Things;" "Louise Murray's Love;" "Darling's Request;" "Uncle Ted," etc.; "Encounter with a Pirate;" "Wife's Stratagem." Will find p'ace for "Cross Purposes;" "A Black Prospect;" "Farmer Jerry's Sleigh Ride;" "Mixed Delights;" "Old Sorrel Top;" "A Grim Friend;" "Lost in a Cornfield."

The serial "A Great Wrong" we will give consideration in a few days.

F. H. S. We can not pronounce upon the MS. referred to until all is in our hands. A few chapters is no indication of what the whole will be. Miss R. S. S. Yes; keep on writing, publishing where you can. Poems are not in request—at least, are not paid for to any extent. Every paper has a surfeit of them. Good prose is what is wanted. If original, we can find place for the poems 'Moonlight," and 'Wanted;' but both look like old friends to us—the latter especially—so must de-

P. K. M. Berlin has 450,000; Munich, 110,000; Hamburg, 165,000; Hanover, 42,500; Eirmingham, 232,000 inhabitants. Your writing is very good.
ORSON B. We can supply the Saturbar Journal from the date named, price \$3.00 per year, or 6 cts.

L. E. PHANT. It is their way to get readers, we appose. We never mind their system of "druming" for readers, because we can afford to get ong without it.

CONSTANT READER. Agile Penne is by no means sting upon his laurels. He will be heard of again our columns. He is "our own." B. B. G., Rochester. We have several of Ned Buntline's stories. They will appear in some one of our several series of books. They are among his best things.

Tille Tuttle. Be not decrived by such adver-isements. There is no such thing as a "love pow-er," by which to compel a person's affections. It is simply an absurd imposture. We can make no use of "Cora, the Work Girl." We make no use of this class of story.

"AN ADMIRER" likes Mrs. Fleming's story, now running through our columns, "ever so much." And well she may, for it is, in some respects, the best thing Mrs. Fleming ever wrote.

L. J. G. "Who were Castor and Pollux?" They were, in the old Grecian Mythology, twin brothers. Castor dying, Pollux implored Jupiter to make his brother immortal; whereupen the old father god compromised the matter by making the brothers immortal—Pollux on one day, and Castor on the

next.

W. H. Mc V. Our sketch of Capt. Reid, in the last issue, will give you all required information, we have in print the 25-cent novels referred to, by Mrs. Fleming and Margnere Blount. Also the two novels by Secley Register, viz: "Dead Letter," and "Figure Eight." The former we have bound in cloth. The publishing house of J. G. Redfield is on Fulton street, in this city.

A. M. The paper referred to has not the circulation claimed, by many thousands!

R. A. B. The Derringer pistol is sold by all dealers in fire-arms. The story was never published.

ers in fire-arms. The story was never published.

Ace of Spades. New-paper postage is cheaper than letters, especially to encourage the diffusion of reading matter. The mail department is sustained by the letter postages.

Thos. H. says: "The Saturday Star Joursal is the best paper in America. It is the best I ever read, and I have read all the popular journals of the day." That a great many other discriminating readers are of the same opinion, we have most tangible evidence in the steady progress of our list. "Onward and Upward" is our tailsman!

J. E. M. We believe the publication you speak of has stopped.

W. H. O. As the poem "Little Mand" is a conv.

W. H. O. As the poem "Little Mand" is a copy-ght, it wouldn't do to republish it as yours hen you flich, you should try and "appropriate" hat is flichable.

A READER. Why, send the young lady a present, with your compliments, and ask her for her present. with your compliments, and ask her for her present. PHILENA ACKERSON. Onions are said to be a specific against epidemics, and when sliced and placed in the fever-ward of an hospital, they are said to absorb all atmospheric poisons. In a room where there is a case of small-pox, the onions rapidly decompose, but, it is alleged, will prevent the malady from spreading. It is an easy and simple remedy to test

WASHINGTON. The globe is the best method of tudying the geography of the world; being round. t gives you a better idea of the earth's form and

GOVERNOR HOLL. Aiken, S. C., is said to be an admirable climate for those troubled with coughs and colds of a serious nature. Mrs. JOSEPHINE H. Boil your lamp-chimneys, and thereby they will be rendered flame proof, as the boiling renders the glass far less brittle and fragile. Put the glass into cold water, and bring this to a boil.

Theorors. The most direct and comfortable route from New York to the Diamond Fields of Africa, is to go to Liverpool, England, and from thence you can get passage upon steamers that ply along the African coast. We would advise you, however, to remain at home, and continue your encavors here to make a slow fortune, rather than give up all for an uncertain chance of becoming rapidly rich.

G.F. KEEN. You can render water that is discolored and not fit to drink, pure by the addition of two grains of alum to the pint of water; the alum will not be discernible to the taste. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

#### The Ex-Sioux Chief Author!

In an early number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we will introduce to our immense audience of readers, the recent notable acquisition to our corps of noted writers, in the person of the celebrated

#### EX-SIDUX CHIEF, HUNTER, SCOUT AND GUIDE MAJOR MAX MARTINE!

With portrait en costume, and life sketch, giving some of the most salient incidents in his remark able career. It is reserved for the sketches, which will follow in succession, to detail special passages and events in his

Most Strange and Adventurous Life, as a Hudson Bay Company employee, a Free Trapper, an Indian Trailer and Fighter, a Captive and Chief of the Teton-Sioux, a Hunter, and finally an

Overland Guide, in all of which capacities he has so

#### thoroughly served, that he has become one of the MOST NOTED MEN OF THE PLAINS.

Qualified by education to tell his own story, the Ex-Chief, now that he has had his fill of adventure and danger, and odd experience, " takes his pen in hand" in a manner that gives assurance of

MANY AN ENCHANTING NARRATIVE of life in the pathless and trackless wilds over which he has roamed, goaded on by that inappeas able spirit of unrest which makes men wanderers, oftentimes to their own destruction. We welcome major Martine to the pages of

The Favorite of Firesides and Homes. and anticipate from him many a treat for those who look to us for what is best and most attractive in current popular literature.





#### REMEMBRANCE.

Forever past those Halcyon days, When all my soul in sweet amaze, I dreamed life's fondest dream. Ah! then my thoughts were all of joy, The world, transformed, held no annoy, As wift I cleared the stream.

Oh, never shall I feather more
With such gay heart the merry oar,
Dripping with spray so bright.
And never more will setting sun
On cool, calm waters glimmer down
With such a wondrous light,

Nor will the water lilies gleam Upon the bosom of the stream, So star-like and so fair; For then they wore the faintest flush, Of parting day's reflected blush, Twined in my love's fair hair.

Ah, me! I dreamed my dream of love
While floating by the silent shore,
And dark eyes smiled in mine—
Dark eyes, bright eyes, so wondrous sweet,
Yet eyes well learned in all deceit,
That feigned a truth divine.

She showed how fair love's dream could be, Bright worlds of joy she ope'd to me, Till summer days once past, A weary heart, crushed by deceit, That never more would joyous beat, She gave me back at last.

Oh, love that perished in its dawn t
Oh, peace forever lost and gone!
It can not come again.
Sweet moments passed, I little thought,
Remembrance with such grief was fraught,
That love held so much pain.

#### Vashti.

BY JENNIE D. BURTON.

RUBY TRENHOLM looked about her, halfawed by the somber magnificence of the

She had a passionate love for beautiful things, and Ellet Hall opened to her a first view of the luxuriant splendor of which she had hitherto only dreamed. The wide, paneled room, with its hangings of silk and face; the carpet thick and echoless; rugs that were like masses of tropical bloom; couches and lounging chairs soft cushioned; pictures like bits of vivid life upon the walls; etegeres laden with bijoutrie, and here and there the gleam of marble through the half-gloom pervading the place, were all alike new and delightful realizations of her

Vashti, gratifying her indolent propensities on one of the great easy-chairs, kept watch of her from beneath drooping lashes, evidently amused at the impression which her own surroundings had created.

She fluttered her fan of soft, white fea-thers and glittering spangles, and after a

"Well, how do you like it? Can you be satisfied here, Ruby?"
"Satisfied! It seems like a glimpse of Paradise to me."

'Little enthusiast! I like you all the better, though, for your sweet simplicity. It is refreshing to chance across such a natu-

"I do not think you can lack any of the brightness of life," Ruby said, emboldened by the other's graciousness. "I should think it grand to be rich, and traveled, and beautiful, like you."
Such a bitter thought flashed up into Vashti's dreamy eyes despite the smile upon

Vashti's dreamy eyes, despite the smile upon her lips, and her careless tone changed to a mocking intonation which might cover some feeling too intense to be lightly touched upon.

"Did you ever hear of Dead Sea apples that turned to ashes on the lips? or of whited sepulchers, beautiful without, and all loathsome within? Don't go to envying me the attributes and possessions which may not be desirable as you think. Come here,

child f Ruby came, silently. "You think that my measure of contentment should be filled by all the splendid trash which you see about me, and the solicitude that has gone to gratify my most trivial desire. Yet I would give all this, everything, for the single faculty which you possess, and I lack. Does this appear strange to you?

"Very, for I can not think what you should wish that is mine."
"Only your power of winning love.
Why, I even believe that you have touched my heart, which I thought was completely calloused. You'll find me worldly-wise, I

fear, and cynical. "Only when you are unjust to yourself," Ruby asserted, almost wondering at her own temerity and openness of speech.

tainly, no one can help loving you if you will it so." A little triumphant laugh bubbled over Vashti's lips.

You are helping prove the theory I have sometimes advanced regarding myself. I think I am like a beautiful serpent—I can fascinate, if I can not make people love me. Do you think I can not see that you are half afraid of me? Do you fear that I should harm you, little dove? You, at least, are safe from my wiles."
Ruby shrunk back, distressed and amazed.

"Indeed, I did not mean-I am quite sure—" she faltered, and broke off short, wide of the meaning she intended to con-To herself, she acknowledged that Vashti was right; her admiration was min-gled with a kind of fear that was yet trusting, so great was the influence of the stronger nature over her weaker one.

You did not mean me to read the truth as plainly. There, never mind! I have strange moods, sometimes, and you have seen me in one of them. I am not really so dreadful as I have tried to make you think, and have no doubt that we shall suit each

"Shall I come to-morrow?" Ruby queried.
"Yes, at noon—not sooner. You'll find me a dilatory mortal, beginning my days in the middle

Then Ruby went away through the length of hall, with its floor of stained marble, laid in mosaic squares, and out into the sunshine which flooded the balmy summer Perhaps it was this which brought the flush to her cheek, and sudden exuberance to her spirit. Perhaps it was the sound of a baritone voice trolling an old Scotch ditty,

mellow in its weight of love and trust.

Vashti heard it, too, and with a sudden clenching of her hand above her heart, crept stealthily to the screened window. Such a white, hard look stole over her face as she withdrew, and took up from a neighboring etegere a tiny box, polished and per-

"Here is my nepenthe," she murmured to herself. "Why should I struggle to break the charm when all else brings pain? Meantime, Ruby, on her way, met face to face with the owner of the voice—Gerald

Fontenay, who was Mr. Ellet's agent and private secretary. He broke off his song, and held out his hand, taking hers in cor-

"Ruby! You could not have dropped from the clouds, for there are none in this sky; but seeing you here is as great a sur-

"Don't let the fact continue so," she laughed, "or you will receive frequent shocks. I am to come every day after

He turned, walking by her side down the wide avenue to the lodge gates, while she told him how simply this had come about. Vashti had caught a sight of her pretty face during one of her daily drives, and taking a fancy to it, requested an interview at the hall. This had resulted in a proposition that Ruby should come at stated hours to perform the role of companion toward the heiress of the broad Ellet possessions Gerald Fontenay's sunny face clouded

'I should be glad, I suppose, Ruby; yet

I dread to have you come here. Let my advice prevail, and don't do it."

"Oh, Gerald!" Her grieved face told him how keen her disappointment was. "I thought you would be pleased to have me near you. I must come, though, for I have promised."

"Pray Heaven, mine may prove a groundless misgiving, then. Since it is inevitable, I will put away morbid forebodings. Oh, Ruby, what should I do if harm should come to you? Remember, you are my one precious jewel."

And Ruby went on her way with the consciousness of his love for her filling her heart with a flood of happy thoughts.

On the morrow she entered upon her duties at the hall. Herself open as the day, it was not long before she felt that some understanding the state of the state acknowledged restraint brooded constantly over the place. Mr. Ellet was a grave, re-

served man, looking old and broken at an age when other men are scarcely past their prime, preoccupied in manner, and nervous to a painful degree. Ruby was seldom brought into contact with him, but her bright, hopeful nature pitied him, so certain was she that some dread care was ever haunting him.

Vashti and she were fast friends, though the former was still an unread enigma to Ruby. A month of daily intercourse gave her no more intimate knowledge of Vashti's inner life than that first conversation which I have chronicled.

Then one evening in early fall, when the first touch of frost had dashed a tinge of bright color in midst of the dingy green from which the past hot days had drawn all from which the past not days had drawn all freshness, Ruby was detained at the Hall by a sudden shower. It was night when the rain ceased to fall, and the sodden ground made the long walk to her home an impossibility had it been otherwise.

"I will have James drive you home," Vashti said. Ruby wished that it might be

Gerald upon whom the duty should devolve. It seemed that their personal proximity had only served to raise a barrier in the way of private intercourse; it was so seldom that they could interchange other than common-

place greetings. But James, the coachman, could not be prevailed upon to execute the charge. One of the horses had fallen lame, and the other

could not be safely driven alone, he averred.
"Then you must stay over night," Vashti said, with a shade of annoyance in her voice which the other did not detect. "I hope you will not experience any serious incon-

'None at all," Ruby answered her. "Do not be concerned regarding me; there is no one to experience anxiety on my account. It promised to be a red-letter occasion in Ruby's existence when Gerald joined them in the general parlor. Mr. Ellet, self-ab-sorbed, lingered a while, and then withdrew from their midst. Vashti, for once, had busied her hands with some complication of soft-hued worsteds, that lay like a misty cloud against the shimmering light of her

bright silken robe. She was fond of the brilliant colors that so well suited her olive skin and dusky hair, and this night she sparkled like some rareplumed bird basking in tropic warmth. Her eyes were fixed upon her work, her cheeks and lips vividly tinged. Ruby, with her full appreciation of beauty in its rarer types, dwelt delightfully upon the picture she pre-

But even Vashti was forgotten when Gerald leaned over her, whispering:
"Rejoice with me that our probation is

almost over. I am going to fetter you at last, my precious one." Something glittered in his hand, and he slipped upon her finger a golden circlet set with a single ruby that glowed like a heart of living flame. Ruby touched it to her lips

with happy tears springing to her eyes.

A thrill of apprehension struck her as some magnetic influence drew her gaze toward Vashti: It seemed as if some chastly counterfeit had usurped the place of the

glowing countenance she had observed so shortly before. The soft, dreamy eyes were glittering now, the face colorless and hard, with drawn lines about the mouth. That glance brought a revelation to Ruby, that made her heart ache with pity for the

pain she knew the other suffered. Vashti, rising, with an effort recalled the bloom to her face, and swept her shining robe across the floor to where they sat. You must not think because Love is blind

that his presence carries the affliction with it. Let me congratulate you both, since I have penetrated your secret.

She held out her hand so quietly self-possessed, that Ruby found herself wondering over the strange elements which mingled in such a composition.

It was midnight, and the Hall lay darkly silent. Ruby woke from a light slumber, the first into which she had fallen, with a shiver and a feeling of dread oppressing

Her vague uneasiness deepened into a sense of intense terror, as she fully awaken-Vashti was leaning over her with such a demoniacal expression distorting her countenance, that Ruby lost power of thought and action in her awful fear. A night-lamp left the large room full of dark shadows, but seemed to concentrate its rays

Vashti stooped, touching the hand which bore Gerald's ring. The ruby gleamed there

"It is blood," she said, in a hoarse, strange voice. "His is too precious to be shed; but to spill yours will be dearer revenge—it will be a keener blow than striking at his own heart. He could have saved me from a fearful fate, and would not; he shall reap his reward in sorrow such as he

There was a glitter of steel in her upraised hand, and as Ruby realized her horrible intention, the apathy which had bound her gave way, and she uttered one loud, long, piercing shriek. Then came a sense of stinging pain, a sea of fire swam before her eyes, and she lost herself in utter darkness.

Gerald told her the rest, after she had wavered between life and death for weeks, and her healthy young vitality at last had won

Vashti was a slave to the drug opium. She had inherited the taste from her Eastern mother, and though every possible pre-caution had been taken to preserve her from that parent's fate, the curse had fallen upon her in even greater heaviness.

She was now hopelessly insane.

Her love for Gerald had awakened a hope in Mr. Ellet's heart, that the former's influ-ence might break the bond which nature and habit had formed; and, unwisely, as the result has shown, he prevailed upon the young man to remain with them.

It was a dark episode in Ruby's life, but when renewed health brought her perfect happiness as Gerald's wife, she sorrowed still over Vashti's mournful fate.

# Laura's Peril:

THE WIFE'S VICTORY A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"

CHAPTER XIII.

DESERTED. JOHN NEVIN was shocked when he came over to Rockledge the next morning, and found no one but Price there. The latter had been left behind to close the house and see that every thing was properly secured.

He was nailing up the avenue gate when John tapped him on the shoulder with his

What are you about, Price-nailing the folks in-eh?

No: nailing the folks out," was the reply, spoken with some difficulty, too, for Price had a couple of nails between his

" What do you mean, man?"
" Just what I say."
Price was eccentric when he could afford

to be, and this, unfortunately for John, was one of those times.

"Were you told to nail up the gate?"
"You don't suppose I'd do it, if I hadn't?"
"No. I never supposed you would do any thing you could avoid," replied John, tartly. "You waste no pains—not even to

be civil." He pushed by the man and walked up the path to the house.

When he had reached the colonnade he

heard Price shouting:

"There's no one at home—all gone to
Maryland, I tell you."

John Nevin paused. The truth burst up-

on him now.

He looked about him. Every thing was so still and grave-like; not a leaf rustled among the vines; the lace curtains draping the drawing-room windows, hung limp and spiritless: and even the canary, which used to chirp in the hall so cheerilly, was dozing on its perch, as if it had no heart to sing its joyous roundelay since its beautiful mistress had vanished and was not there to

hear. John Nevin felt very lonely. He would have given a great deal to have heard that bounding step and rippling laugh echo in his ears at that moment. But, no; that wa impossible; and so he beat the vine-leaves with his cane, and fell to wondering why Laura had gone off so suddenly, without even so much as leaving him a parting

"But she was sick," he muttered, glad to excuse her seeming neglect; "and felt bad about that Rook affair.

He sighed; cast a lingering, yearning look about him; thought of the few pleasant hours he had spent there with her, and walked slowly down the avenue, by the bowed form of the old servant, and out onto the open beach.

Roaming aimlessly up and down the shore, with no companion but his thoughts, and all the time brooding over his disappointment, made John Nevin look sadder, graver than ever. Hello, John! what's up? You look like

the front entrance to an undertaker's shop.' It was Dalby, as gay, dashing, laughing as John was in no mood now to entertain

one so lively; and desirous of getting rid

of the artist, he said, simply: This did not check Dalby, though; he was in one of his talking fits this morning,

"Yes, indeed, you do. I wouldn't say so if you didn't. But, the cause—'my soul, the cause of all this?" Nevin smiled, but said nothing

There must be a cause," added Dalby or there would not, in fact, could not, be an effect. Now, that's cogent reasoning, ain't with a laugh.

Well, now, I propose to trace the effect to its source, and, if possible, lift this hideous lumbago from your back. May I?"
"If you have nothing else to do," replied

But I'd advise you to seek more profitable employment. I'm a very dull fellow, Dalby, as you will discover on in-

He was beginning to like George Dalby, despite himself. 'Assertions are worth nothing, when unsupported, and especially when arrayed against facts," said the artist, in reply.

You say you are dull; the facts prove you are sharp. you never talk at random, as do; never tread on tender people's corns never make an effort to please the fair sex; and yet, in view of all this, you are quietly smashing hearts as if they were champagne bottles, and making friends in every quarter."

Nevin put up his hand: "A truce—I beg a truce. You talk nonsense so fast that I can't keep up with you."

"You deny the charges, then?"
"In toto—from Alpha to Omega."
"The charge of heart-breaking as well?" "That, more than any."
Dalby drew a long breath and heaved a nock sigh. "It's very strange."

'What is strange?' "That a man can, without his knowledge, fall in love with one woman, and have two crazy after him."

John Nevin started. Dalby was treading on unpleasant—ay, even dangerous ground, but the latter's curiosity compelled him to

"Who are these two women? and who am I supposed to be in love with?"
"Well," said Dalby, "just to freshen your memory, I will mention names, though I didn't think it was necessary. The woman whom you love is Laura Robsart, sometimes called the beautiful widow, and the women who love you are this self-same beauty, and your charming cousin, Miss Alice Houston."

"How do you know this—that Alice cares for me?" The questioner was very calm, but his tranquillity was superficial. He was reminded now of his engagement to his cousin, an engagement which had grown to be more of a memory than a fact, with him at least—a vague, half-forgotten idyl of a—it appeared to him at that moment—a very

appeared to him at that moment—a very distant youth.

"Ah! I see you confess to the first count in the indictment. That is very frank, indeed, and I shall be equally frank with you. The truth is, I guessed a part, and Miss Lynn—Mabel, unwittingly dropped a hint. This guess and hint I added together, and by a simple yet ingenious trick, known only to myself, and for which I claim the sole credit of invention, I arrived at the result credit of invention, I arrived at the result—or fact, whichever you like to call it."

John Nevin smiled, a dry, peculiar smile,

and after a pause, added:
"And so, Mabel Lynn told you that cou-

sin Alice loved me, eh?"
"Well, no; not exactly that. She said something about an old engagement between you and Alice, and that she knew Alice liked you better than she did any one else. But see—there goes old Col. Rowley, and his niece, Miss Pollock. Let's join I'll introduce you; nice people; live

out West. 'No, thank you," replied John; "some

"All right—sorry—good-by."
He was gone, and John Nevin thanked his stars to be rid of him.
"The rattle-brained fellow is clever, after all," he said to himself, as he saw him offer his arm to the stylish Miss Pollock, and saunter gayly away. "Takes the world as he finds it; loves art for the money that's in it and manages on a few hundred dolin it, and manages, on a few hundred dol-lars, to be excessively happy."

Then John Nevin fell to thinking of that

old engagement to Alice, and to wondering if she really cared for him, or desired to

when he reached the Ocean House he met Alice and Mabel. They were waiting for the phaeton to go out for a drive.

"Will you come with us, John?" asked Mabel.

Alice did not speak, but colored a little, and looked up at the sky.

That modest blush, and shy manner, pleased him; he thought it very maidenly—very womanly, and replied, promptly:

"I'll be very happy to go."

Mabel sat up with the driver, and John and Alice crowded into the back seat. He

and Alice crowded into the back seat. He was very attentive, and she was, of course, very happy.

> CHAPTER XIV. ON THE TRAIL

THE steamer Daisy, from Baltimore, bound for Norfolk, was sweeping down the Chesapeake, leaving a foamy path behind her, and staining the beautiful July sky with curling smoke. The day was not warm, considering the season was mid-sum-mer, and there was a balm in the air pleasant to breathe. A haze, soft and brown, hung around the distant shores, very pretty to look at. It was a calm, lazy scene

silent landscape, and the sluggish waters. In the cabin of the Daisy sat Sarah Rook and Sam Blaize. The woman's face wore a determined look, and the man appeared

considerably annoyed. "Now, what's the use of this?" he broke out. She did not answer him, and so he answered himself: "No use at all—not a bit!" he continued, looking at Sarah Rook, whose eyes were bent on the floor. "I there was any thing to be gained by it, I

wouldn't care. "There is something to be gained," she replied—" a great deal to be gained." I'd like to know what it is?" he de-

manded. "There's no use in telling you; you couldn't understand it if I did. It takes a woman to understand a woman, and you-

why you are not even a sharp man."

Blaize felt this depreciation, and it caused him to flare up a little. "Well, if I ain't sharp, then I'm no use to you, and we'd better quit at once, and for good."

Her face expressed her contempt for the speech and the speaker. "You are a bigger fool than I took you for, Sam Blaize. "Suppose, now, you go from me, where will you make as much money, and as easily?" 'But what's the use in losing time this

He was more humble now "We are not losing time, I tell you. When that old attorney Holland said that we would have to go to California, and have a warrant issued there before we could have her arrested, the idea of delay made me al most sick; for it was granting her six or nine months of respite, of pleasure, and I was so eager to precipitate the avalanche, to let the sword fall at once."

"But there was no help for it," inter-rupted Blaize. "That's the law, and we can't change it, nohow we try."
"But, there is a way of making her mis-

erable while we're abroad, and my woman's wit discovered it at once.

What way is that?" "By telling her that I know of her crime, and that I intend to haunt her into her

Sarah Rook's eyes glared as she spoke, with a fierce light, and she clenched her hands tightly. But for fear of the law she would bury them in Laura Robsart's round, white throat But what if she would run away?" que-

'She won't do that. Where would she run to? Besides, she would as soon die herself as to let old Elton Robsart know her secret. This will keep her at Robsart Place until we want her."

"Yes, I suppose you are right," replied Blaize. "You women are wonderful creatures; can beat men planning and hating, all hollow. I never believed, though, a woman could hate so well before."

She smiled that old smile that made her look so hideous, and asked: "When will we reach Sydneytown?" "About five o'clock this evening, the clerk

"Is there an inn or hotel there?" "I'm told there's a sort of a shabby affair, kept by a man named Pittock. That will do, I suppose.'

"Yes, very well. How far is it from Robsart Place?"
"Bout a quarter of a mile—from that to

"Very good." She arose, went to the cabin window, and looked out on the bay; while Blaize strode leisurely into the gentlemen's cabin, picked up a copy of the Baltimore Sun, and was soon deeply absorbed in the details of a wrestling match which had taken place the day before at Old Point Comfort

The Daisy reached Sydneytown at six o'clock instead of five, and the sun was setting when Mrs. Rook and Sam Blaize turned their backs on the port, and walked up the only street the town could boast of, although now, when I come to think of it, it's hardly possible that such a forlorn old town as this ever boasted of any thing.

Some of the houses had been painted white and some red, but the storms of twenty years which swept in off the wide

twenty years which swept in off the wide bay, and over the town, had carried away the colors and left the fabrics all of one hue—a dull, ugly, monotonous gray.

"It's a rum old hole," remarked Blaize, as he gazed up at the frame church, the open steeple of which disclosed a rusty bell.

"Seems to me if I wanted the world to forget I was alive I'd come to Sydneytown."

"Yes it's a very ancient-looking settle-

"Yes, it's a very ancient-looking settlement," answered Mrs. Rook. "But, where is the hotel?"

"Can't say for that. Better go ahead till we find one. They came to it at last. It was called the Calvert House, and had a great swinging sign before the door representing the founder of Maryland, in a cocked hat, trimmed with a poor imitation of real lace, a pro-fusion of powdered hair, and a rather dam-aged-looking crimson coat. The building was a two-storied affair, with a long porch in front and a battalion of dormer windows. on the mossy roof. There were two doors; one wide, the other narrow. The former led into the bar-room; the latter, through courtesy, was called the "Ladies' Entrance," and opened into a dim, plainly-furnished

sitting-room.
Calvert Pittock, the proprietor of this establishment, was a little round man, with a Falstaffian physique and a bald head. He was a pleasant person; always had a smile for a customer, and was shrewd enough to

charge just as much as his guests would pay without grumbling.

He was all in a flutter of delight when he ushered the travelers into the parlor and ordered the black servant to prepare a room

for the lady.

"How long do you intend stopping in Sydneytown?" he asked.

"As to that I could not say yet," answered Sarah Rook. "Probably a day or two."

"Ah! yes; not on a long visit, then; merely a flying trip from—"

He paused and looked inquiringly at Blaize.

"From Baltimore," added Mrs. Rook.

"Just so! just so! From Baltimore, eh?
Beautiful city; delightful trip down the bay."
He was straightening the table-cloth, and dusting the stiff-backed wooden chairs, as he made these remarks.

made these remarks. "Do you know where Robsart Place is?" questioned Mrs. Rook, after a moment's

"Oh, bless your soul and body, yes; of course I do. I have lived here in Sydney-town these three-and-twenty years. Come down from Annapolis here. Used to live in Washington; saw Jackson inaugurated. Yes, ma'm; I've seen a good deal of the use and downs of this world." Yes, ma'm; I've seen a good deal of the ups and downs of this world." Mrs. Rook smiled at the boastful words.

"I presume you have; but how far is it from here to Robsart Place?" He stopped dusting the chairs, looked down at the floor a minute, pursed up his lips, and while he drew a very red lid over a very watery blue eye, replied: "Well, let me see. Go in a hack?"

"On horseback?" "No; I'll walk."

"Ah! afoot-eh? Then your best way is through the woods. There's a path from my back door leads directly there. The roadway is almost a half-mile fair measurement, but the path cuts it down to a quarter and a fraction.

Thank you. "You're perfectly welcome," answered Calvert Pittock. "I always tries to oblige my customers; it makes things pleasanter all round.

He smiled blandly, bowed, and left the room. "When are you going over?" asked "After dark," was the reply.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 95.)

# The Dark Secret: The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON. CHAPTER XXI

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP." "HE GIVETH HIS DELICITION OF THE GIVETH HIS DELICITION OF THE HIS CASE OF T

Mr. DE VERE arose and made a gesture, as if casting something from him.
"It is gone—so is she, and peace go with Frank, is dinner ready

"I don't know; and, what's more, I don't care!" howled Frank, wiping his eyes and nose, furiously, in his grief.
"Francis!" exclaimed his uncle, in angry

displeasure.

"I don't, then—not one bit! You treated Jack shamefully, and I don't care if you turn me out of doors for saying it. I'm blamed if I don't go, anyway! I'll run off and go to sea—I'll enlist! You see if I don't! You had no business to treat Jack said Frank, with another howl. Francis! "Going and believing that old lying Griz-

zle Howlet, and ready to swear to every thing she said, and snapping up Jack without giving her a chance to say a word for herself! I say it's a shame! a blamed shame! And if I had known that was what you wanted of her, I shouldn't have gone one foot; no, not if you were to hang, draw, and quarter me for it!"

"Francis!"

"I don't believe she ever did one single thing that you said she did-only she was too proud to deny it, when she saw you becle Rob!"

lieve that hateful, old, ugly Mother Howlet faster than her," vociferated Frank, ranting furiously up and down the room. "And that old scoundrel, Nick Tempest, too, going and saying she was his daughter—the old villain! I should like to know what everybody will say when they hear how you've treated her, and turned her out of doors. I should think you would be ashamed ever to show your face again, Un-

Francis!" "Oh, you may 'Francis' as much as you like; but I don't care! I will say just what I think, if you were a dozen uncles ten times over. I suppose people think boys ought to sit with their fingers in their mouths, and never say a word, just because they are boys, as if they could help that! I tell you, Uncle Rob, if I was you, I would be ashamed ever to show my face again! And you a justice of the peace, too! A pretty justice of the peace you are, aiding and abetting robbers and murderesses!"

"Leave the room, sir!"
"I'm going to, and the house too, if you like; and I will say again and again that it was a shame!"

"Will you be silent and leave the room?" "I'm a-going to; but I say again and again, it was a shame! It was a shame there! It was a shame—there! It was a shame-now then!"

Mr. De Vere sprung up in a rage, collared the intrepid Frank, and shook him till he was breathless.

"Now, will you say it?" he exclaimed between his teeth. It-wa-a-s a sh-a-a-me, there!" said

Frank, between his chattering teeth.

Mr. De Vere seized the bell-cord, and rung
a peal that brought up Reynolds.

"Here, Reynolds, take this fellow off, and

lock him up in his room, and bring me the

Mr. Reynolds, who would have manifested no surprise, and would probably have obeyed without a word, if his master had told him to behead him, blandly seized Frank, and began dragging him off, while that young gentleman kicked and struggled manfully. But kicks and struggles were of no avail, Reynolds was getting the best of

It was a shame—there!" yelled Frank, as Reynolds pulled him through the door. Orrie, who saw something exquisitely ludierous in the whole scene, gave vent to a shrill peal of laughter at the youth's dis-

'Dinner is served, sir," said another servant, throwing open the door.
"Very well! Augusta, will you take my arm?" said her father, rising.

But Augusta spoke not—moved not.
"Augusta!" he said, in alarm.

Augusta! he said, in alarm.
There was no reply.
He went over, lifted her head, and saw
the closed eyes, and corpse-like face.
"Good heavens! she has fainted!" he
cried in consternation. And once more
seizing the bell-rope, he pulled it, as if he
would have torn it down.

Two or three servants answered the sum-

Two or three servants answered the summons.

"Bring water, salts, hartshorn, some thing, any thing, every thing! Miss Augusta has fainted!"

They fled to obey. Restoratives were applied, and in a few moments the large, heavy eyes unclosed, and fell on her father's

"Are you better, my darling?" he said, bending over her.

Her eyes wandered around in a vague, Oh, papa, where is she?"

"Who, my love?"
"Jacquetta! Oh, papa! it was dread-

"Leave the room!" said Mr. De Vere sternly, to the curious servants, who reluc-Papa, what have you done to her?" she

cried, starting up.
"She is gone, Augusta! She will never come back more.

"I regret the necessity as much as you can possibly do, Augusta; but justice must have its way. She has been weighed in the

balance and found wanting And you have turned her out of doors?"

I could no longer keep her here with respect to myself, my daughter!"
"Poor little sister!" said Augusta, bitter-' this is the return we have made her for

all her love! Poor little Jacquetta! "She was guilty, Augusta!" said her fa-ther, sternly, "she carried a false heart un der that fair face. Let us speak no more of her. Dinner is waiting."

"Excuse me, papa, I do not feel well, and would rather go to my room."

"Whatever you wish, my dear," he said, calmly. And she passed from the room without a word. He turned to Disbrowe, but he had never

moved. Orrie, too, lay very quiet, with her arms around his neck, and her head on his 'Alfred," said Mr. De Vere, gently, for

there was something chilling in this shrink-ing off of all.

The young man lifted his head, and raised his eyes, and his uncle started, to see how pale, and cold, and stern he looked. 'I am sorry if this unpleasant scene has pained you, but it was unavoidable. Dinner is waiting—will you come down? You have tasted nothing since breakfast.

Captain Disbrowe gently placed Orrie on the ground, and arose Of course you will not think of leaving us for a few days, now. It will be so lonely here that we can ill spare you."

Thank you! I believe I shall carry out my original design, and leave to-day," he said, in a voice of chilling coldness.

Leave to-day! My dear Alfred, you do He bowed slightly.
"Will you have the goodness to deliver

my luggage to whoever I may send for it, to-morrow?—and make my adieux to Miss De Vere and Frank! Alfred !-my dear boy !-what do you

He was almost pitiful in his earnestness, and in the gathering sense of his loneliness, and he looked earnestly, wishfully, in his nephew's face. But that proud, full, handsome face was as cold and inflexible, now, as his own had been a few short moments

before, when listening to another pleader. "I am going, sir. I thank you for all your kindness to me since I came. Good-by."

"Alfred, you are angry?" No, sir-not that I am aware of."

"You are more—you are grieved, hurt, and deeply offended." He only made a motion with his hand, and turned to leave the room.

"No; you shall not go!" said his uncle, firmly, "until you tell me what this means. Is it because she, Ja—"

"Excuse me, sir!—I do not care for hearing that name again.

"Is it because she is gone?"
"Not because she is gone," he said, coldly, "but because of the way she went." "She was guilty!"
"She may be. You ought to know best, since you have known her longest."

"She has deceived me!"
"Well; so you told herself."
"And she did not deny it."
"Pardon me—I think she did!"
"Well; what matter?" said his uncle,

impatiently; "she was guilty, none the less. So I could not act otherwise than I 'I do not presume to criticise your con-

"Yet you are angry. Why is it?"
"I have been deceived—that's all," said Disbrowe, quietly. "Deceived?"
"Yes, sir!"

"The person I was led to believe your

daughter, my cousin, and a young lady, turns out to be a wife, a mother, and the daughter of one whom she herself justly called the greatest villain unhung!"
"Do you love her still?" "Excuse me answering that question, and allow me to bid you, once more, farewell." "You will go?"

A bow was his answer. "I have acted for the best, and yet you all turn against me. I loved her myself; and yet, because I obeyed the command of

justice, I am looked upon as a monster 'Charity is as great a virtue as justice."
'Good-by, Alfred." 'Farewell, sir.

They shook hands, but how cold and quiet one hand was! Disbrowe turned to quit the room, and his uncle sunk into a chair and buried his face in his hands. A child's shrill scream echoed through the house, and little Orrie was clinging to him, wildly.

"Oh, don't go!—stay with me!"
He stooped and put his arm around her.

"You must be quiet. Orrie and let me

"You must be quiet, Orrie, and let me go—I can't stay."

"Well, take me with you, then?"
"No, I can not do that, either. You must stay here. If you cry, now, I shall not like you. Will you be quiet?"
"Yes," sobbed Orrie.

"Yes," sobbed Orrie.

"Then, good-by! Now let me go."
He kissed her tenderly. "For her mother's sake," he said, gently; and then he let her go, and quitted the room.

He ordered his horse, and in a few moments was in the saddle, and galloping away, as if the arch-fiend himself was after him toward the Mermaid Jun. He knew

him, toward the Mermaid Inn. He knew he would hardly reach it that night; but he would almost as soon have passed it in a wolf's den, as under the roof from which Jacquetta had been expelled.

How he thought and thought, as he rode

along, until thought became agony, and he dashed over the ground like one mad to escape from himself. He felt sure that they had taken her to the lone inn, and he was glad that it would be dark long before he reached it, so he would not be obliged to ook even on the house that held her. for worlds would he have looked on that fair, bright face again—not for ten thousand worlds would he have touched that small, white hand it had once been such happiness white hand it had once been such happiness to hold. He tried to shut out the "haunting shape, the image gay," that flashed before him in all its beauty, as if in deriding mockery, until his very brain recled. He dashed and plunged furiously along through the deepening night, almost mad with impatience to reach the Mermaid. There was a possibility of his meeting Captain Nick Tempest there, and a diabelical determination filled his heart that one or the other should leave it a dead man. The Spanish boy, too—he felt as if it would be a direct mercy from heaven to twist his neck for nercy from heaven to twist his neck him; and, in his present savage mood, he

could have done it without remorse.

The daylight faded, and faded, behind the western hills, and the holy calm of a soft spring night settled over moor, and forest, and flowing river. Up rose the "young May and howing liver. Up rose the "young May moon," serene and silvery, smiling down like an angel-face on the young rider elashing along the lonely road at such a frenzied pace. There was something of heaven in the holy hush and drowsy calm of that bright, moonlik night, and something of its peace stole into the passion-tossed heart of the young Englishman. He looked up at the face of the serene sky, where the serene moon sailed, and reverently uncovered his head, awed by the deep, solemn beauty of the pale, bright night. The cool breeze lifted, lightly, the clustering locks of his dark hair, and calmed the feverish brow beneath, until his high heart-beating subsided, and he rode along in a subdued and decided-

y more Christian mood. The eastern sky was ablaze with the crim-son and gold heralds of the coming morn, when the tired horse and rider halted at the door of the Mermaid Inn. Every thing was profoundly still, the shutters closed and the profoundly still, the shifters closed and the door barred, and its master far in the land of dreams. But our impatient young Briton cared little what brilliant visions of princely custom Old Bob Rowlie was indulging in; and, with the butt end of his horsewhip, headled furiously at the door in a way that knocked furiously at the door in a way that might have awoke the dead.

Ten minutes clapsed-during which Disbrowe kept up a steady cannonade at the door, until there seemed some danger of his beating it down altogether; and then an upper window was opened, a red woolen night-cap protruded, and a startled voice demanded who was there.

"A tired traveler. How long do you intend to keep me waiting here? Come down and open the door, you old villain!"

Thus civilly apostrophized, Mr. Rowlie drew in his head, shuffled down stairs, and blinking very much, held the door open for his early customer to enter.

"Where is my horse to go? See that he is attended to directly; and let me have a bed as soon as possible. I feel completely

Old Bob led the way up-stairs to a small hole in the wall containing a bed and a chair, and informed Disbrowe it was his

"Oh, it will do well enough," said the young man, casting a careless glance around. "See that my horse is well cared for and carefully rubbed down."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rowlie.
"And look here, my friend, what do they call you?" said Disbrowe, divesting himself of his coat and boots.
"My name's Rowlie,sir," said the host of the Mermaid, in his slow and solemn way.

'Mister—Robert—Ed'ard—Rowlie, gineral dealer in lickers and refreshment for man

Well, Mr. Robert Edward Rowlie, how many other guests have you at present in the house?"

Mr. Rowlie looked severely at the bedpost nearest him a moment, in deep thought and then shook his head.

and then shook his head.

"We hain't got any at this present; no—
not any. It's quiet here—remarkably so."

"So I should say. But there was one—
Captain Tempest—is he not here?"

Mr. Rowlie looked with increasing severity at the bed-post again, until he had sufficiently collected his faculties to reply.

"No sire he sin't here—leastways just

"No, sir; he ain't here-leastways, just at present; no—he ain't."
"Do you expect him soon?"
"Well," said Mr. Rowlie, scratching his

head, or, more properly speaking, his night-cap, "there ain't no saying about that. He might, and then again he mightn't."
"Well, what do you think?" said Dis-browe, impatiently. "Do you think he will come to day?"

browe, impatiently. "Do you think he will come to-day?"

"Well, now, I really couldn't say," said Mr. Rowlie, with a look of helpless distress.

"There ain't never putting any dependence onto him. He might, and then again—"

"He might", "interrupted Disbrowe.
"Perfectly satisfactory! There, you may go now, my intelligent friend; but should

go now, my intelligent friend; but, should he come, will you just have the goodness to present him Captain Distrowe's compliments, and let him know he hopes to have the pleasure of horsewhipping him within an inch of his life the first time they meet. There—go; I'm going to sleep."

To have seen the expression of Mr. Rowlie's expressive countenance on hearing this

lie's expressive countenance on hearing this sanguinary announcement, with his mouth and eyes opened to their widest extent

A faint smile broke over Disbrowe's face as he waved his hand for him to go; and the horrified host of the Mermaid took his de-

parture accordingly. Tired and worn out by his journey and the miserable night he had passed, it was high noon before Disbrowe awoke. There was no such thing as a bell in his room; so, hastily dressing and running his fingers through his hair, he glanced in a facetious little looking-glass, cracked across the middle, which ornamented the wall, and, pos-sessing a strong natural taste for the ridiculous, reflected every feature askew. Hav-ing, by the aid of this dissolute mirror, twisted his shirt-collar hind side before, in the belief that he was thereby putting it on straight, he descended the stairs and passed into the bar, where he found Mr. Rowlie in the depths of a leathern arm-chair, solacing himself with his pipe and a mug of frothy

"Morning, squire!" was his sententious greeting, accompanied by a patronizing

"Good-morning, Mr. Rowlie. Have you seen to my horse?"
"Yes," said Rowlie, meditatively—" yes;

Ihave "Well, I will go and have a look at him myself; and, meantime, send up some warm water to my room, and let me have breakfast."

Mr. Rowlie having promised obedience, Disbrowe sauntered out to see after Saladin; and having found that amiable quadruped pretty comfortable, returned to finish his toilet and take his breakfast; for being "crossed in love," as the housemaids call it, seldom interferes with a man's appetite. The meal being served in the kitchen, and being waited on by little Mrs. Rowlie, whom he found to be much more communicative and intelligent than her spouse, he proceeded to cross-examine her on matters and things-rightly concluding he stood a better

'And so Captain Tempest left here yesterday morning," he was saying... "Did he tell you where he was going?"

his business; but I expect it was something or other 'long old Grizzle Howlet. They're as thick as pickpockets, both of 'em. "Have you any idea when he will return !

Well, now, I couldn't say exactly, but it ain't impossible he might come to-day or to-morrow, at furthest. His men are waiting for him out there in Rowlie's Cove.

Where is that? "Just a small piece below; and it's always been called after us.

There was a boy with him-a young Spaniard. Do you know anything of him? Oh, that uncommon handsome little furriner! No; he hasn't been here for a long while now. I asked old Nick once where he was, and he told me he had gone to the -you know who; but I don't believe a word of it. He was a great deal too good-looking," said Mrs. Rowlie, laughing. 'Do you know if there is any chance of

my getting a passage shortly in some craft going from here direct to New York?" "Oh, bless you! yes, sir. Day after to-morrow Bill Briggs comes down in his woodboat, and he would take you. You wouldn't mind going in a wood-boat—would you? said Mrs. Rowlie, doubtfully.

"Oh, certainly not. It does not matter. Well, I suppose there is nothing for it but to wait. Is there any one here I could send to Fontelle for my luggage? My nevvy will be here in the course of

"Very well; send him then. By the way," he said carelessly, as if the thought had struck him for the first time, "can you tell me what this Captain Tempest trades in as he goes cruising around the world?" Mrs. Rowlie glanced fearfully over her shoulder, as though she expected to see the burly form of the captain there in person, and answered, rapidly

don't know, I'm sure: I hain't the idee—not the least idee—not the least. He never brings nothing up hereleastways, nothing I ever see—so I really

Do you know if he was ever married?" "No, sir. Lor', how should I? It ain't more than three or four years since I seen him first, altogether, and he had no wife then that I ever heerd on. He might be married a dozen times, though, for me

"Don't know; 'cept that it is that birds of a feather flock together every-'And this child who lives with that old woman-little Orrie-do you know any

let to be so intimate?

How came he and this old Grizzle How-

thing of her?" "No, sir—not a thing. I've hearn she was the old woman's gran'darter, but I don't believe that, somehow. My 'pinion is, that that there old Grizzle ain't no better than perjury, my worthy hostess. Have you any thing here I can read to kill time this

long day?"
"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Rowlie, departing with alacrity; and presently re-appearing with the whole library of the Mermaid, placed it on the table beside him.

There was the Pilgrim's Progress, Watts' Hymns, the Melodies of Mother Goose, and binson Crusoe, with the beginning and end torn out. Disbrowe smiled slightly at the attractive catalogue; and, lighting a cigar, leaned back and tried to beguile time alternately reading Watts' Hymns and Mother Goose.

That long day seemed endless in the dull Mermaid. No one came the livelong day except the "nevvy" of Mrs. Rowlie, who was immediately packed off in a horse and gig to Fontelle for the young soldier's luggage. Half a dozen times Disbrowe started up in desperation, resolving to mount Saladin and ride to the old inn and see Jaconetta once more in spite of them all Jacquetta once more, in spite of them all, and as often checked himself, and paced up and down the little room like one insane. Night came, and brought with it a calmer mood; but it was a night spent in feverish dreams. And he arose next day more rest-

less and miserable than before. Toward noon this feeling of restlessness grew unsupportable; and, unable to remain inactive longer, he ordered out Saladin, sprung into the saddle, and dashed off in the direction where his heart had been since he left Fontelle. In less than half an hour, the old inn came in sight, looming up dark, and dismal, and forbidding in the solitary No one was in sight, but a horse stood at the door, which he recognized immediately as the one he had often seen Frank ride. Could it be that Frank was there? As he started forward to see, the door opened, and Frank himself rushed out, like one crazed, bare-headed and frantic, and was in

the act of mounting and galloping off, when "Hallow, Frank! Good heavens! what

is the matter? He might well ask; for in turning round, Frank disclosed a face so wild and haggard, and eyes so full of passionate grief, that it sent a thrill of nameless terror to his heart. "Oh, Frank! speak and tell me what has happened! Is she there?"
"Who?"

"Jacquetta."
"Yes," said Frank, in a tone of passionate bitterness, "she is there. Will you come in and see her?"

"Yes; come with me." Both were on their feet in an instant and Disbrowe was white with apprehension.

"Come, then," said Frank, "and see the result of their work. You may all be proud

Frank! Frank! What do you mean?" "You will soon see. Come!"

He led the way into the long, high kitchen, and a strange, nameless horror was thrilling through the heart of Disbrowe.

Captain Nick Tempest sat gloomily scowl ing by himself, and neither moved hor spoke as they entered. Old Grizzle sat at the other end of the room, dark and sinister as usual, and glanced at them with a malignant smile as they came in, but did not speak. The door of a small room opening off the kitchen lay ajar, and passing into this, Frank made a sign for Disbrowe to follow. There was a bed in the room, and under a white sheet was the dreary outline of something that made Disbrowe reel as if struck by a blow. Without a word, Frank pulled down the sheet, and pointing to what lay stark and white there, said, huskily:

"Look! there is Jacquetta!"

"Look! there is Jacquetta!"

He looked. The small, delicate form was things—rightly concluding he stood a better chance of obtaining an answer from her than her solemn spouse.

"And so Contain Townson Left less than the solemn spouse."

"And so Contain Townson Left less than the solemn spouse." pillow. The sweet, beautiful face smile on him no more. Jacquetta lay

there, and dead!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 87.)

# The Flaming Talisman:

THE UNFULFILLED VOW.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINE ED," ETC. ETC.

> CHAPTER XXV. GERARD HENRICQ UNMASKS.

"I have search'd my soul within, And find naught but pride and scorn."

The passions of the mightiest shell

As Orle Deice descended the stairs, to admit her expected lover, the door of a room near the apartment she had just left, slow ly opened, and a shadowy figure glided af-

As the specter-like form passed the window at the head of the stairs, where the dim light of the stars shed an uncertain glimmer, we see that it is Meg Semper Her head was just twice its natural size:

mold of feature that was ferocious; in one hand glistened the knife she had sworn to sheathe in the bosom of the beautiful girl.

Where was Nemil? How had the hag escaped his vigilance, when he had promised to keep close watch upon her? shall see, anon.

Orle must have felt the presence of danger, for, as she groped in the darkness of the hall below, she clutched her sharp dagger, as if preparing to repel the attack of an enemy who lurked, unseen, near her.
But, she reached the door, and threw it

A man stood upon the steps. "Reginald," she said, lowly.
"It is not Reginald!" exclaimed a familiar voice 'Herwin Reese!" the name was stam-

mered forth in surprise, and she retreated before him as he entered. "Yes, it is I-Herwin Reese." Closing the door after him, he took hold

of her wrist, and started to grope his way up the stairs. 'Unhand me, Herwin Reese."

"I fear to," was the significant response.
'You might elude me."

"Yes; run from me and defy me."
"You speak and act in riddles. Explain 'Come with me, and see. I want to talk with you.

to lead her, without further remonstrance and his hold perceptibly tightened as he ascended to the second story You might swear that without fear of | Conducting her to a side room, he closed | some way.

Hardly knowing why, she permitted him

and locked the door, and withdrew the key—just as the crouching, skulking form of Meg Semper approached to within a few feet of them.

On the mantlepiece was a lamp, and this he proceeded to light.

He no longer wore the disguise which had

enabled him to be near Reginald Darnley, and, as Gerard Henricq, to plot the young man's ruin; but, with his smooth face and

tasty attire, he stood before her, and for a few seconds contemplated her in silence. "I do not understand this. Unlock that door, sir," Orle said, at last, in an imperative tone.

Reese smiled grimly and retained his position, while his eyes were riveted burningly upon her.

Will you unlock that door, sir?" "No," calmly-so calm that it thrilled her

She felt strangely, now, in this man's presence. There was that in his manner to cause her much uneasiness. Not for a moment did his gaze turn from her, and his si-lence added to the gloom which gradually crept round her heart.

"Herwin Reese"—she drew herself up and returned that gaze with a flashing glance-"if you have nothing to say to me, let me depart. You look at me, as if you had never seen me till now. Why did you bring me here-

"Orle, I want to talk with you. I want to convince you by reasoning, if I can, that you are throwing yourself away."
So, it was out. Her keen perception at

So, it was out. Her kee once discovered his intent. "And you thought it necessary to make me a prisoner, while you plead a lover I despise?" sarcastic and disdainful.

Beware! men grow desperate, sometimes "When a man grows desperate, I fear him; but a coward—do I tremble? Your threats are lost, sir."

He was chafing sorely; but, controlling an anger that would have made him hasty, "You, who are so proud, so beautiful, so gifted, should not become the wife of a man who is unworthy even the friendship of his

fellow-men. Reginald Darnley does not deserve such a gem as you are—"
"Stop, Herwin Reese!—stop right there! You have used such language before now, and it will avail you as little as in the past. Have I not told you, I will not hear him slandered?—especially by you!" the last with a sarcasm which he well understood.

His temples reddened; but he persisted: 'I am advising you for your own good. This man-

"Cease. I will not listen."
"But you shall listen!" he cried, fiercely, while his fist clenched, and he took a step toward her.
"'Shall,' did you say?"—taller grew the

lovely form of the speaker, her cheek paled, and the dark orbs hardened in their sparkle as she eyed him from head to foot. with a gesture of contempt, she added: "I think you forget yourself."
"No, I do not," was the quick reply. "I

say you shall hear me, and hear me through. Your ears shall listen to something I have not yet told you of the worthless dog who

has insnared your affection."

A sharp, barbed retort was upon Orle's lips; she half-started forward, as if she would strike him, and indignation brought back the crimson to her face. She checked herself, however, and Reese went on:
"You know, I presume, that he is penniless? His father disowned him," this with

"He told you so, this afternoon—you called on him, without delay, after I gave you his address?"

"You are a good guesser "Yes? And, perhaps, he also told you that he was a murderer?" maliciously.

"Again you have guessed correctly."

Orle embarrassed him with her calmness.

She was cold as ice. "Orle Deice, would you marry a murderer?—an outcast?—a man for whose punishment the law thirsts? Would you link your life with such an one?—swear, at the mar-riage altar, to love, honor, and obey him?" he was warming with his subject; and it was contagious, for, advancing to within a few feet of him, she cried, in a quick ac-

cent:
"Yes, Herwin Reesc—yes! Were he a
murderer, an outcast, all that you have so
basely pictured him, my place would be at his side! I would wed him, though the law were to sacrifice him within the same hour! I would wed him, though all the world pointed at him and hissed him as he walked along! I would wed him—because I love him? Are you answered?" and, fairly pantin with the heat in which she delivered this speech, she drew back, and flashed a withering glance upon the astounded vil-

Astounded? Yes. Herwin Reese had never, till then, known the full depth of this passionate girl's love for his hated rival. Her words took him aback; he seemed hardly able to realize. You are crazy, Orle Deice!" he ex-

claimed. "No, I am not crazy! But, let me repeat, this will avail you nothing. Reginald is not a murderer!—I know he is not. Nor is he an outcast, though he may be penniless. And I, Orle Deice, have money enough for us both.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, a dark frown knitting his brows. "You say he is not a murderer?—I know better. He poisoned his father, that he might inherit wealth. That is why he left Richmond."
"You contradict yourself. You said, just now, that he was disowned. If such were

his father's death ?" Reese bit his lip. 'No matter. I say he did do it. That is

the case, how possible to inherit wealth at

"Who drove him to the deed?" asked Orle, suddenly, as a strange thought entered her mind.
"I did!" was the prompt reply. "I lured him on until he became what he now is. I furnished him the poison. That poison was administered the night before he left

'Are you sure of this?" Reese hesitated for a second. The low tone, the searching glance of the questioner struck him as peculiar.

Richmond."

"Sure. Mervin Darnley was a corpse, beyond doubt, within twenty-four hours af-Ha!ha!ha!ha!- Ha!ha!ha!ha!-"

"What does that mean, girl? What are you laughing at?" Reese was out of patience; he scowled, he ground his teeth, for he felt that she was playing with him in

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!-"

"Orle Deice!" He advanced toward her, with hand outstretched. But, quickly recovering from her mysterious outburst of humor, she waived him

back. "Keep off! Don't dare to approach me! You ask me what I mean?—ha! ha! ha! I am laughing at you, Herwin Reese; it pleases me to know that your foul scheming has been in vain! Your game has been blocked by a kind Providence. Ha! ha!

"Orle Deice!"-if it were possible for a man to foam at the mouth, then Reese was

Suddenly her manner sobered, and she said, with marked emphasis:

nald Darniey. I saw Mervin Darnley on the street the evening of my departure, and he was as well as you of I! Now, what

He started back. This was unexpected and, to him, impossible. He asked himself if she spoke the truth. You trifle?"

"Ay, but I do! Wait! You will see, ere long, whether I speak the truth." ust then there was another summons at the front door, and an expression of inquiry

dwelt in the face of Herwin Reese. Unlock the door, sir."

"Do you know who that is?" he asked.
"Yes; it is Reginald Darnley." "Perdition catch him! He is here to see

'What else could bring him? Unlock the door at ouce, lest I raise my voice in a cry for help. If he hears me, he will force his way in here, and you know well enough he is no coward."

Reese strode to the door and wrung it open. Orle lost no time in gliding out.

When alone, the villain strode to and fro, with folded arms and bowed head, reflect-

ing upon what he had heard.

He could not understand or imagine how it was possible that the poison should have failed to destroy Mervin Darnley. It was a subtle, deadly drug, which Meg Semper herself had compounded, and when he had received it from her, it was with the assurance that, once administered, no antidote on earth could counteract its effects.

"Has Reginald Darnley so completely deceived me, after all?" he muttered. "Can it be, that he did not put the stuff into the ale? No—yet it is perplexing to me; I can not account for it. I know Orle would not have spoken so confidently, had there been any doubt about it! I am in a maze," and the cloud upon his brow grew darker, as he stood there thinking, marveling, conjectur-

> CHAPTER XXVI. NOT YET! NOT YET!

"Hate's slime her bosom nurs'd! Nor knew the wits The wherefore of an act in mischief made." AGAIN Meg Semper followed after Orle Deice with ghost-like stealth, as the latter started to answer the second summons at

From the lips of the hag came a gibbering sound that was smothered to an incoherent articulation, and then she muttered, in a whisper that resembled the silvery kiss of a

This time!—this time! I'll be sure to do't now! She's doomed! She shall die! I'll have no more of the curst Talisman My knife is newly sharpened for 't! So, they thought to make me a prisoner, ch? Ha! h-a! I know I'm mad! but I've not forgot my cunning. Oho! my cunning."

Orle Deice dreamed not how near death hovered, as she moved along the dark passage of that deserted house.

When the girl threw open the door, it was to meet the embrace of her lover.

"Orle! My queen!"
A fervent kiss accompanied the embrace, when, extricating herself from his passion-ate caresses, she led him to the room where Cecilia, in a suspense that is indefinable awaited the interview which was to contain so much of import to her future

When the two entered the apartment all was still, a weird fascination seemed to hover in its atmosphere.

"Once more, Orie, my beautiful, beautiful queen! Once more the sweet meeting as of

'And once more, Reginald, I am happy; for I know you will not now prove recreant to the many vows which made you mine." She seated herself on a lounge, and beckoned him to ber side. He was not loth to obey the call, and while he showered kisses on those lips that had, so often, turned to his with an ecstatic pressure, he cried, ar-

"Prove recreant, Orle? Never! How can you think it? As before, I am now, your slave. It is a glorious captivity. Will you hold me forever?"

'Forever, Reginald. Oh! you never can know what I have suffered since we last met-in Richmond, I mean."

Her words were well calculated to arouse inquiry regarding her mysterious disap-pearance on the night of the opening of our story, but, under the circumstances, it was

And I have caused you this suffering!" he said, in a tone of self-reproach. unmanly I have acted. I ought to have seen that you were the only one I could love; I should have argued with myself

how unreasonable to marry a woman whom I love less than I do you. My duty was to go to Cecilia Bernard, and tell her, honestly, that the best love of my heart was not for her. She would have released me-I know she would; for she is a good, a noble girl,

"Yes, she is a noble girl. I have seen her," and Orle thought of her who listened to their conversation.

When the first happy transports of their meeting lulled-a meeting that proclaimed them inseparable for life—the voice of the girl changed somewhat, from its whispering music to a business strain.

'Reginald," she cried, "I must leave this

How!" the word was questioning. I must escape from here-Escape! Are you a prisoner?" and he

looked at her in surprise. No, not a prisoner; but, I am in dan-

"Danger? Explain, Orle-what do you I can not explain, fully, dear Reginald

but, I must tell you, that every moment I remain here, I imperil my life." He drew her closer to him, and gazed wonderingly into her lovely face. 'I had hoped we might spend a long,

joyful evening together," she added. "We can not, though. If you place any value on mer!" He closed the sentence with a determined nod, and again settled himself, by , we can leave for Richmond, where I will hurry my wardrobe together. We will go from there to Charleston, thence—"
"To Richmond, Orle? I can not go

"Why not? There is nothing to fear. Besides, all the money I possess is in that eity. Without money, we can do nothing. marriage can be consummated with dispatch; when we go from Richmond, we will go as man and wife."

Reginald appeared to be thinking. "You do not hesitate to grant what I persuasively.

"This is all very mysterious," he mused, aloud. "How is your life in danger? I can not understand." If you love me, Reginald, do not stop

now to ask questions. When we are safely away, I will tell you all." "Your wish is my law, Orle."
"And every moment is precious. I would not die in this hour, Reginald, when life is

doubly dear to me.' "You set my mind in a whirl by your fearful words!"

'There, there-go and get the cab. Save The singular change in Orle's mannerthe sudden, mysterious announcement that a violent death threatened her, filled his mind with turbid wonderment and conjec-

But, she had be sought him not to pause for questions; on his value of her life, she had begged him make haste, and, in a state of excitement impossible to describe, he clasped her to him in a final caress, then

hurried away. She followed him to the entry, again adjured him to make haste, and when she heard the front door close, she re-entered her apartment.

Cecilia stood before her, with pale face and cold, gazing eyes. "Well, you have heard?" asked the

beauty. Yes-all." "You are convinced, then, that Reginald loves me more than he does you?"

"And you relinquish all claim upon "Yes. As I have said, I would never

wed a man whose love is divided."
"Thank you!—thank you!" Orle threw her arms around the other's neck, and kissed

They were startled by a cat-like step behind them.
Cecilia uttered a cry, and Orle wheeled round to find herself face to face with a thing hardly human—

demon shape—a thing hardly human—which crouched down nearly to the floor, and glared upon her with eyes that were scarce discernible but for their snaky glitter. Meg Semper!" Orle recoiled before the

terrible being that confronted her.

The swollen head, the frightful gash upon the mouth, the jagged edges of which were puffed, cushion-like, and blistering in the terrible fever that consumed her; the ferocious expression of a face distorted, and half hidden by matted locks of hair that fell reckless and wild upon the brow; the nervous swaying of the body, as if influenced by strong drink; the hard grip upon a murderous knife, whose blade was fresh and keen from the whetstone—all this was a picture sufficient to terrify stouter hearts than throbbed in the bosoms of the two

ged a quick glanc Simultaneously, a shining dagger appeared in the hand of each, and, with ashen faces, and compressed, bloodless lips, they dared to brave the satanic form.

"Meg Semper — begone!" cried Orle, though her voice faltered. "Begone, I

Meg glided nearer, nearer; a hollow laugh, that told but too well of her insanity, issued from between her grinding gums. Quick as a flash, she straightened up, and reeled toward them with a drunken step.
"Strike, Cecilia!—strike!" and as Orle

uttered the words, two springy blades cut mercilessly deep in the hideous visage of the

With a yelping tone that told of pain and rage, the wounded hag staggered backward—but only for a second. Gathering all the strength of a maniac fury, she sprung at them, though her vision was blurred by the warm life-tide gushing from her wounds.

Again the two daggers struck the tottering form, but their more tree less truck the

ing form; but their aim was less true than at first, the headlong attack was not checked, and Orle retreated, with an ugly cut upon

her snowy arm.

The hag followed them up closely. Her long knife fairly whizzed as she madly circled and plunged it at him.

Suddenly Cacilia utternal a shrick of hor-Suddenly, Cecilia uttered a shrick of hor-

Orle had tripped and fallen to the floor, and the dagger-her only hope-flew from

Meg Semper, with a savage cry, threw herself upon the prostrate girl, and Cecilia, overcome by the bloody prospect, swooned

The knife was poised on high—in another

moment it would descend to its human Orle closed her eyes, and, with a prayer on her lips, awaited the fatal blow.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE TRAGEDY OF THE ROOM. 'Most sorry wretch! whose rage-burnt bosom

seethes
In hateful fires, nor will to reason bend;
While reeking knife tells of the hell she breathes
Through Fury's network, and—is this the end?
—ANON.

From his elevated perch, Christopher Crewly took a survey of his surroundings. Then he contemplated himself. His duster was torn and dirty; his hands were blackened with soot; and he felt that

his face might be any thing but clean.
"Well, well, well!" he thought. "If this don't beat all conscience! Never was n such a 'box!' Shall I slide down again, and accept a period to my existence, in that slimy cellar?—'like one who wraps the mantle of his couch about him, and lies down to sweet repose! Hardly! Shall I jump to the roof, and break my neck with a 2:17 1-4 sail to the ground? Scarcely! Crewly, you're beat!" and the last was dole-

cond time, north, south, east and west. "No use!" groaned the despairing law—voices—footsteps—silence. Pretty soon, the footsteps again, followed by another hang on here till doomsday, and I won't go back to that cellar, if I have to live on bricks and mortar, meantime. Think I'll the house, and roused to a desperation bordbricks and mortar, meantime. Think I'll

hined forth, as he glanced, for a se-

pressure, in the chimney

Just as he did so, he heard a sound beneath him that resembled the growl of a bear. sudden was it, that it startled him, and he came near slipping from his hold.
"Bless me! what's that?"

He glanced downward, between his knees, and, straining his eyes, he managed to distinguish a face. It was a black face, and the voice was Nemil's that growled:

"Come down!"
"What for? Suits me better up here."
"Come down!" and the growl was a snarl.

You don't want me to scratch through all that soot again, now, do you?"
"Come down!" repeated the negro, with a threatening accent.
"Shan't do it! Now you've got it, flat!"
"Shoot you, if you don't come down!"

warned the guttural voice.
Crewly heard the cocking of a pistol.
"Bless me! you wouldn't plug a fellow in that style—"

Come down, or I fire." "Fire away then !—hang it!"
The chimney was a double one, and as the lawyer uttered this defiance, he scramled, with remarkable alacrity, over into the adjoining flue—nearly losing his equilibrium and going headlong downward.

From his new position, he thrust his head over the partitioning brickwork, and squeaked:

"Fire away, you son of Ebon! Where are we now? Chris. Crewly—yours forever, mur.—"

"Bang!" a pistol bullet whistled close to his nose, and he involuntarily placed his hand to the organ named, under the impres-

"Try it again!" he yelled, this time looking more cautiously down to where his enemy had been. But Nemil had disappeared.

Following the negro, after he and Meg had left their captive in the cellar, we find him an hour afterward standing above in

him, an hour afterward, standing alone, in the lower hall of the house, his wooly head hung in thought.
"What good?" he ruminated. "Will it better us to have this man's carcass tell a

tale upon us when we are gone? None. I marvel why he came here. He's no thief—I know the faces of such, too well, to misclass him. Curiosity, I guess; an idle meddler, with no bject. So, if he go away, what harm is done?" He retraced his way to the cellar. But

Crewly had disappeared. At first, his thick brain was at loss. Soon, however, a kind of instinct drew his attention to the chimney-place, and he glanced up it. The discovery he made, was followed by a summons for the lawyer to descend; with what result, we have seen

Cursing himself for not having knotted the ropes tighter, he ascended the stairs, carefully locking the door. He continued on to the top of the house, and, with a grunt of satisfaction, securely fastened down the "Let him stay where he is!" he muttered.
"If he escape now, I'll brain myself for a dolt. I would have set him free—fool!"

When Meg Semper started for the room in which were Orle Deice and Cecilia, the African observed that her condition was growing dangerous. He saw, that, with every moment, the poison from the spider-fang made her wilder—and that wildness

She means some harm to Orle Deice, for I heard her say it. I want no blood spilt here; I'm not minded to sit behind prison-bars, with a stale crust to munch upon. I'll watch you, Meg Semper," and he stole noiselessly after her.

When he had persuaded her away from the frightened girls—as shown in a previous chapter—she sought her room. Nemil fol-

"What do you want at my heels?" she snapped, turning suddenly upon him.
"I want sleep," he answered. "There's a rug in your room that rests my bones marvelously when I lie upon it."

Instantly she sympletoned that he was

Instantly she suspicioned that he was Come on, then." He failed to perceive the cunning gleam that fired her half-blind eyes, and cast him-

self upon the rug he had mentioned. In the same moment, however, he arose and returned to Orle Deice with the warning of her peril.

Rejoining the hag, he found her seated near the window, her hands in her lap, and gaze bent absently on the floor. Bu had been active during his absence. I folds of her dress, she now held a small vial, and though she seemed lost to her surrounding, she was quietly noting his every move-

When Nemil stretched himself out full length on the soft rug, he pretended to fall asleep. But this artificial repose was fatal to his intentions. Night's shades were creeping into the room; a drowsy air, combined with the increasing dark, and it was not long ere he actually slumbered. Then the hag arose from her chair and

stealthily approached him.

He snored loudly; and a diabolical grin

A peculiar odor began to float in the atmosphere of the room. He writhed and groaned in his sleep; but the drug had already commenced its work, he was fast yielding to

its powerful influence.

When she deemed him helpless, she recorked the vial, and with a dizzy head (for she had inhaled much of the stuff herself) tore the quilt into strips and proceeded to bind his arms, wrists, and ankles. As she finished the task, she heard the

summons at the front door, and, passing out into the entry-way, caught sight of Orle Deice, who dimly flitted before her.

Nemil was not long in recovering from the effects of the drug. A curse that was deep and dire, spoke his chagrin at being outwitted by the hag.

He strained and tugged at his bonds; but Meg had knotted them with no novice hand, and his struggles went for naught. After repeated desperate attempts to release him-

self, he gave it up, and lay there, foaming curseful anather Then he heard some one at the front door

ering on madness, he centered his enormous strength in one final, mighty effort, and snapped the bonds.
Without delay he loosened his limbs, and

dashed away in the direction of sounds that told him of a fearful struggle going on.

He reached Orie's room, just in time to see Herwin Reese reeling backward, with a

murderous wound in his throat. Meg Semper, blinded by her own blood, and that of the man who had felt the keen point of her weapon, now turned upon the African with a mad, furious yell. (To be continued-commenced in No. 90.)

# The Specter Canoe.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Look! there it is now," and indistinctly through the mist upon the moonlit lake, could discover a dark object moving rapidly across the water.

Give it a shot, sir." "No, I never shoot, until I know what I am aiming at," I answered, and, as if disappointed, my companion, a youth of eigh-

Well, if you did shoot, you couldn't hit 'Perhaps not," and I continued to gaze

upon the object or apparition, until it was lost to sight in the dim distance. I had been spending a few days with a friend, at his country home in the northern part of New York, and since my arrival the theme of conversation had been the appearance of a specter canoe, with one occu pant, that was frequently seen at night upon the broad and beautiful lake, near which my

friend's residence stood. Urged by curiosity, I had readily agreed to a proposal of young Paul Maynard to go with him by moonlight and watch for the apparition, and he was the companion who

had pointed out to me the specter I had seen. Upon hearing my statement the following morning at breakfast, regarding the reality of some object being seen upon the lake, Mr. Maynard remarked:

It is really very strange; there are old hunters about here who used to fire upon the specter whenever discovered, but their balls proved harmless, and now they never visit the lake-shore at night-time. Paul himself has wasted several pounds of powder and ball upon the object, but admits his inability to hit it. Suppose, now, colonel, you try and solve the mystery for us."

"I am willing to make the attempt, sir, I assure you," I answered, and with Paul's assistance I commenced my preparations.

First, I secured a good birchen canoe, then loaded and prepared my rifle and pistols, and with my hunting-knife and a flask

of good brandy, considered myself compe-tent to cope with any spirit of the lake. Shortly after nightfall, Paul conducted me to the spot upon the lake where we had discovered the specter the night before, and launching my canoe, I entered it, shook hands with Paul, and shoved off from the shore, while my companion returned to the house, not caring to remain alone upon the shore of the lonely lake.

Quietly paddling, I urged the canoe forward, and when about half a mile from the land, I ceased, and lay down in the bottom

to await coming events.

One, two, three hours passed, and then fang made her wilder—and that wildness was the more to be feared, because of her unusual, moping silence.

"She is getting devilish," he resolved, as he followed her with a thoughtful gaze.

"She means some harm to Orle Deice for yards distant I discovered a canoe moving rapidly through the water and urged on by a form standing erect, and with slow and steady strokes driving the light vessel swift-

> Nearer it approached, and as the moon just then cast its light above the tree tops, I discovered that the form was that of a woman, for her long hair floated adown her back, and her white robe fluttered loosely in

"This, then, is the specter canoe—but who can the woman be?" I thought. To seize my oar and start in pursuit-for I now saw by the rapid movement of the paddle that I had been discovered—was the work of an instant, and swiftly over the moonlit waters did our light boats bound.

Delicate woman though she was, she held her distance for some time, and then slowly I began to gain upon her. Upon discovering me, she had doubled upon her course and was now heading across the lake, which was here about five

miles wide, to a rocky point of land that jutted out into the water, and behind which lay a dense forest. Slowly, very slowly did I gain upon the specter canoe, and only as our canoes grated upon the pebbly beach did I spring out, and catch her firmly, but politely, by the hand. The dark, beautiful eyes turned wildly

upon me'in the moonlight; the hand sought a pistol in her belt; but suddenly her man ner changed, she drooped her head and burst into tears. "Pardon me, miss, if I have pained or frightened you; it was unintentional upon

my part to intrude upon you unasked, put your strange conduct has awakened the curiosity of the entire neighborhood, and to solve the mystery of the specter cance, was my object in thus forcing myself, perhaps and the curiosity of the entire neighborhood, and to solve the mystery of the specter cance, was my object in thus forcing myself, perhaps and the curiosity of the specter cance. The Free Trappers 26. The Border Scott.

The Border Scott.

The Border Hermit.

Keen eye, the Runger. wrestled with the stiffness of her face, as she slowly uncorked the vial.

She held the tiny bottle close to his nose.

Still no word from the beautiful statue rudely, upon you."

Still no word from the beautiful statue—
for she had ceased her sobbing and stood

> I knew that my apology had been awkwardly given, but I was nonplussed and knew not what else to say. The awkward silence was soon terminated by the appearance of an old whitehaired man upon the scene, who, as he approached, exclaimed reprovingly: "Oh,

> approached, exclaimed reprovingly: "Oh, Ida, Ida, why do you leave me thus?" and

then turning to me, he continued: "I saw you coming across the lake and hurried here to meet you. You see my daughter has never been right in her mind, sir, since some years ago, when, when—a fancy city chap—curse him—came up here and stole her love; he broke her heart, and never came back to marry her, as he promised, and of nights she will steal off in her canoe and paddle over the waters where they used to sail together. Ida has been shot at by the hunters, and has caused strange stories to get abroad about the lake being haunted, but I hope she will do better home yonder in the woods, so we must say

Still no word from the beautiful woman; and, with sadness at my heart for her bitter fate, I entered my canoe and recrossed the lake to my friend's house.

It soon became noised about in the neighborhood who was the occupant of the specter canoe, and never since has the unfortunate lady been disturbed as she glides over the moonlit waters of the lake.

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# THE WOOD-SAWYER'S DECLARA-

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Oh, Lady fair, here at thy feet
My fortune down I lay,
Wilt thou not share it all, my sweet?
It is a dollar a day.
Thy path shall be a path of peace
As mortal ne'er hath known,
I'd press thy lip with many a kiss
And hire the washing done.

Thy life shall be one peaceful rest
Of endless joy; and, ah,
Thy heart shall never be distressed
While there is wood to saw!
Pil crown thy brow with roses rare,
And royal shalt thou look,
And thou shalt feast on sumptuous fare,
And I will be the cook.

The birds shall pipe their carol close—
The oriole and finch;
Thine eyes shall never weep, because
Thy shoes shall never pinch.
In sylvan bowers thou shalt dwell
With books on rustic shelf,
And song will follow like a spell
Though I must sing myself.

Around thy dwelling, lady mine, Cold blasts shall never blow.
On beds of flowers thou shalt recline While I will milk the cow.
The sun shall ever shine on thee To light thy joyous way, And I'm in a terrible hurry to go to sawing wood.

Oh, wilt thou have me? say!

### The Demon of the Cliffs.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Come, child, the night is dark, and a storm is brewing at sea. If the gods frown we shall reap a rich harvest before dawn.' The speaker was an old man, uncouthly clad, who seemed to look the name by which he was known—the Demon of the

For years he had dwelt among the crags that looked far out upon the turbulent waves of the Atlantic, and many were the dark deeds attributed—and not without just cause—to him. Many a staunch vessel, it was said, he sent to destruction among the

breakers at the foot of the cliffs; but he had never been detected in crime.

The person whom he called "child," upon the night of his introduction to the reader, was a beautiful girl, just passing the confines of her sixteenth year. Her form was sylph-like, and faultless even to the minutest particular, and her long, wavy tresses of raven hue, and deep black eyes added to her uncultivated loveliness. A marked contrast, indeed, was she to the old man who called her child, and feasted his aged eyes upon her beauty, as she stepped

"Father, no ships will seek a haven hereabouts to-night," she said. "Do let us remain indoors, and let the storm roar with-

"No! no! To the Lion's Head!" almost shrieked the dotard, and, grasping the girl's arm, he hurried her from the hidden

hut to the crags.

At length the twain reached a crag that resembled the head of the king of beasts and the old man released the girl's arm.
"Now, look out to sea, girl," he said, "for my old eyes are growing dim. By heavens!

is not that a ship's light, yonder?"

"Yes," answered the girl, as a sorrowful sigh welled from her heart. "Oh, God! must that noble vessel meet a dreadful doom

"No such talk as that, Adaline," gruffly responded the old man, proceeding to light a basin lamp, while the child-woman peered over the lion's head. "I want no whimpering. Remember that I am your father our father, girl-your FATHER!'

while he turned his attention to the lamp "I can not believe that he is my father," she murmured, still gazing upon him. Though, since the dawn of recollection. I have lived with him—yea, helped him, though with unwilling hands, as God knows-to lure noble ships and precious lives to doom.

As she spoke, apeal of thunder reverberated from Stygian horizon to horizon, and a hurricane swept inward from the sea. Brighter and brighter flashed the lamp, and allured by its light, the ship neared the Li-

At length the vessel seemed to lie directly beneath the old man and Adaline. Her decks swarmed with people, and suddenly, above the roar of the breakers, the girl heard a wild shriek of dispair.

We are lost!" it cried, "lured to death by the old man of the cliffs!" She witnessed the futile attempts made to save the ship. The wind continued to drive her shoreward, and, at last, with a terrible crash, down she went amid a hell of hissing

The old man turned upon the child-woman with a hideous grin of triumph. He rubbed his old hands gleefully over the result of his dark schemes, and then burst into a demoniacal cachinnation.

"We've succeeded, Adaline!" he cried, and I fancy we have secured a rich prize. Now let us go below and collect the spoils With a reproachful look, that should have touched the demon's heart, Adaline rose to her feet, and, taking up the lamp, the old man led the way to the foot of the cliffs.

rocks were strewn with drenched and lifeless bodies, pieces of the ill-fated ship, and dozens of boxes contain-

This is the richest prize we ever lured to doom," said the old man, surveying the work of his hands. "We will never-Adaline,

girl, what are you doing? The girl bent over the handsome face of a young man, and pushed back the wet masses of auburn hair that the winds and waves had thrown over his beauty.

"He's so lovely, father!" she replied, looking up at the old man. "Come and see. Oh, how I wish he was not dead."
With an oath for the girl's wish, old Job
Hardheart staggered forward, and reached

Adaline's side as she started back, with eyes staring at the cold, wet face. He gasped!" she cried, turning to the old man.

He did, eh?" was the hissed ejaculation that parted Job's lips, and his hand glided to his bosom.

Father!" cried Adaline, divining his intention, as springing to the young man's side, she raised her arms protectingly over him. "You shall not kill him. He is too beautiful so to die. I will defend him with

Her determined manner startled the old man, and his hand slowly crept from his breast, but it grasped not a knife.

'I will humor the girl for the moment," he muttered, as he stepped forward "But | near at hand.

that young chap shall never leave these cliffs to tell that he saw old Job Hardheart lure a vessel to her doom!"

The girl permitted him to approach, and together they restored the young man to life.

He was borne to the hut, and was soon in a comfortable situation. Unceasingly Adaline watched him, thus baffling the old man, who yearned to deal the death-blow.

The days passed away, and the young man—Robert Ventnor by name—remained an inmate of the cabin among the crags. At length he was able to move about, and one night the old man invited him to a stroll along the cliffs. Not unsuspicious, Robert Ventnor assent-

ed, and leaving Adaline, to all appearances, gazing listlessly out of the low window, he and the old man set out for the precipices. Job Hardheart led his guest to the Lion's

'Do you gaze intently to sea," said the old man, turning suddenly upon the young planter, whose sharp eyes were fixed upon him. "Methinks I behold a vessel's light." For an instant Ventnor was thrown off his guard, and that instant came near proving

fatal to him. With flashing eyes, and a drawn knife, the Demon of the Cliffs threw himself upon the young Carolinian, who turned as he struck him, and together the twain struggled upon the edge of that dizzy

At length down upon his knees the youth was forced, and the glittering blade towered above him like the sword of Damocles.

"Die!" hissed Job Hardheart, and the knife started on its deadly descent, when a club descended upon the wrecker's head, and he fell backward with a groan.

Ventnor sprung to his feet to confront

Adaline, whose hands still gripped the club that had saved his life.

"Two lives I owe you, girl," he cried, gazing admiringly into her beautiful face; and the debt of gratitude I can never pay. But, see! he starts. They turned to the wrecker, whose rolling eyes, and quiverings of frame, told the

twain that he was dying. Your blow finished me, girl," he said, in feeble voice, fastening his eyes upon Adaline, "and it were justice that I should die by your hands—I who lured your parents to death among these breakers. I found you in the arms of your dead nurse, and as hard as my heart was, I could not kill the beautiful little babe thus strangely thrown into my

With a single bound I was in their midst, and then squatting down, I cautiously part-ed the branches and looked out in the direction whence the buck had come. My precautions were taken not a moment

First, I heard the sharp snap of a dried twig as though broken under foot, then a rustling of leaves, such as would be caused by one forcing a rapid passage through the undergrowth, and a moment later, an Indian warrior leaped from the thicket, and glanced

hurriedly around.

I instantly perceived, and with much surprise, that the red-skin was in full warpaint and feather, and the question natural-y arose in my mind, what could have infuced him, while on the war-path, to indulge

I was not long left in doubt, however, for I again heard the rustling of branches, and a moment later, two other warriors stepped out into the open, leading between them a white man, who, a glance told me, was a

This explained the mystery. They had merely started the buck from his covert. They were not hunting him, their efforts having plainly been directed toward high-The prisoner was a young man, probably

some five and twenty years of age, of fine appearance, and possessing a noble counte-nance, from which looked a clear gray eye, full of courage and fortitude.

A closer look at the Indians showed me

that they were Blackfeet, and then I knew that, unless speedily rescued, there would be but little chance of the captive ever escaping alive from their hands. As the two warriors, with their captive, emerged from the thicket, the first advanced

to meet them, retracing his steps a short distance, and then there ensued a hurried con-They were evidently in a hurry, from some reason, and talked rapidly, one of them especially, at the same time using, as usual,

violent gesticulation. I was too far off to hear the entire conversation, but, by dint of straining my ears, I managed to catch a sentence here and there, enough, however, to inform me that two were in favor of immediate torture in the timber below, to which they repeatedly pointed, while the other wanted to wait un-

til the remainder of the band came up.
In reply to this the others urged various reasons, and while one was speaking, I

making the whole an almost solid mass of

verdure, totally impervious to the eye. Behind this was still another beech, smaller than the first, and around and over it also the vine had thrown its folds, connecting the two by a natural bridge of strongest

To the foot of the large beech the captive bad been bound, and already the circle of dry, inflammable wood was being piled. With the exception of the little clearing,

the forest was covered with a dense growth All these things I took in at a single glance, and almost involuntarily, so strong does the habit of observation become to those who, like myself, have spent years amid

Equally rapid was I in forming a plan for the captive's release

Not by any sudden assault, unexpected dash, or slyly cutting the thongs from the opposite side of the tree, was I to accomplish this difficult feat.

My intention was simply to work upon

the highly superstitious natures of these "rude sons of the plains."

Leaving them busily engaged in collecting and piling up the fagots about the victim, I drew suddenly back, again skirted the clearing, and finally halted at the foot

of the little beech tree.

Strapping my rifle upon my back I mounted into the branches, and, taking advantage of moments when the red-skins were most busy or perhaps talking loudly, made my way across from the small into the large tree to which the victim was lashed.

It was a laborious, and, of course, a hazardous task, but I at length succeeded in obtaining a position directly above the party below.

This done, I at once set to work prepar-

ing my surprise, which was to consist solely of a pellet of dampened powder.

Pouring a quantity of that article from my horn into the palm of my hand, I wet it with spittle sufficiently to make it into a compact mass; then forming it in the shape of a cone, the more readily to ignite it.

The ball was about the size of a walnut, and probably as long as my finger.

By the time I had finished my preparations, the Blackfeet had completed theirs, and a moment later, one of them struck fire from his flint and ignited the dry grass that had been plentifully intermingled with the

The flame ran rapidly along the combus-

across, and was then attached with a long cord to the tail of one of the Arab's horses In this manner the unfortunate captives were dragged along for eight days, without

being allowed any other subsistence than bread and water.
At length they reached the mountain Felix, and were brought before the Sheik Osman. He inquired what country they were of

and being told France, exclaimed:

"France, without faith; lawless, spiteful, malignant devils! Let them be chained."

The order was put into immediate execution. They were first stripped of their clothes, and supplied with nothing more than a sort of petticoat or trowsers. They were then bound together, two and two, to a large chain ten feet in length, and weight ing about sixty pounds; and thus, half-naked and in irons, they were taken to the

prison appropriated for slaves.

"A little straw," says Dumont, "was allowed us to lie on, with a stone for a pillow,

and permission to sleep, if we could.

"Although I felt my wounds extremely painful, particularly one inflicted by a lance, was compelled to labor with the rest at six every morning, dragging along my chain. Our food for the day was three ears of Indian corn, which were thrown to us as if we

were dogs."
All the time the slaves were at work the Koubals formed a circle around them, not so much to prevent their running away, as to protect them from the lions and tigers

who would otherwise devour them.
"There are always," says Dumont, "a hundred and fifty armed men to watch over the safety of an hundred slaves. But though the Koubals are incessantly on the look-out, it will not prevent the lion from sometimes carrying off its prey, if greatly pressed by hunger. One remarkable circumstance is that the shouts and outcries of men will drive the wild beasts back into the woods; whereas, peals of musketry draw numbers of them out of the forest, as if cu-

riosity formed some part of their instinct.
"But nothing," continues Dumont, "could exceed the horrors of what we endured one day from the prison taking fire, with all the slaves shut up in it. Though no lives were lost, our beards and hair were partly con-sumed. The water intended for our use was turned off to extinguish the flames. The heat and the torrents of smoke were suffocating, so that we foamed at the mouth; and at one time, we were in apprehension of being burnt alive. No one thought of unloosing us, probably from a dread of some confusion and disorder; and only the usual quantities of water were dealt out to us at the usual times. Nor was this all; for a liberal distribution of the bamboo ensued, applied to some for setting fire to the place from negligence; to others for not foreseeing the accident, and to others for an imputed criminal intention, as if they would take an advantage of such an opportunity to ef-

fect their escape."

After being thirty-three years in slavery,
Dumont was one of five hundred Christians who were exchanged for the two sons of Osman, taken prisoners by the Bey Titre. Dumont now became the slave of a new master, but received much better treament: his irons were struck off, he was clothed, and had two black loaves, of five ounces each, and seven or eight olives allowed him

At Algiers he remained eight months. At length the great deliverer, Lord Exmouth, with the British fleet, appeared before Algiers, and obtained the surrender of all the Christian slaves of every nation. Dumont

"We were taken in by a number of English boats, and there it was that our last chains fell off, not without the deep sighs and regrets of three thousand renegadoes, cursed the day wherein they apostatized from the Christian faith.

An Odd Character. - That dwarfs are not all pigmies in mind as well as body, was illustrated in the singular career of Jefferey Hudson who figures in the histories of Charles II. court as one of its most singular characters. This little fellow was, in fact, twice captured at sea, by pirates, and sold into slavery, and his succeeding life was one of novel adventure.

Jefferey, whose hight did not exceed eighteen inches, until he had reached his thirtieth year, after which he shot up to three feet nine inches, and who was once actually served up to the royal table in a cold pie. had, nevertheless, a high opinion of his own consequence; nor was he thought, even by others, of insignificant consideration, having been employed as envoy to fetch an accou-

cheur for the queen from France. Soon after his return from his embassy, he quarreled at court with a gentleman of name of Croft, whom he challenged. Mr. Croft coming to the rendezvous, armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, put them more on a level, with the first fire he shot his antagonist dead.

The duel having incurred the displeasure of his royal mistress, Jeffery was expelled the court and sent to sea, when he was taken by a Turkish rover, and sold as a slave into Barbary.

He did not remain long in slavery, but re-

turned to England, and in 1682 was committed to the Gatehouse on suspicion of being concerned in the Popish plot. In this prison he terminated his eventful life at the age of sixty-three.

A Strange Offense.—In 1717 the following singular commitment to the Bastile was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV. of "Laurence d'Henry, for disrespect to King George I., in not mentioning him in his almanac as King ef Great Britain."
How long this unlucky almanac-maker remained in prison is unknown. The Register of the Bastile, when examined at the revolution, afforded no information on the

After this specimen of capacity of the House of Orleans to govern, we don't wonder the French people of to-day want no

Humanity Rewarded .- A poor Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use; the beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground. "Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent,



THE DEMON OF THE CLIFFS.

hands. Therefore, I took you to my hu, and brought you up as my child. Your name, as I learned by the ship clerk's book, is Florence Argyle. I called you Adaline, because my wife, who died many years ago,

Oh, could I restore your parents to you girl," he went on, after a long pause. "But the sea gives not up its dead till the day of judgment. But my gold—which has damned me—is yours, if you want it. Robert Ventnor, I tried to kill you, for which, forgive me, if you can. God sent you here that, through you, I might receive the vengeance he has set apart for me. It is just. I mur

As he uttered the last word, his head fell back upon the cold cliff, and the Demon was

Florence Argyle would touch none of Job Hardheart's ill-gotten gold, and, giving it over to the Executive of North Carolina, without feasting her eyes upon the shining heaps, a charitable institution was endowed thereby

She accompanied Robert Ventnor to his father's almost princely mansion, in which, a year later, she became the bride of the man whose life she had saved.

# Border Reminiscences.

Spoiling the "Blackfeet's" Fun.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

GAME was scarce and wild, and I had for several hours been skirting the base of the mountains, trying to obtain a shot at some when suddenly a fine buck broke cover within twenty paces of where I stood, and with a sharp snort of alarm on catching eight of me, wheeled about, and made for the river, which ran some hundreds of yards

In an instant my rifle was at my face, and my finger on the trigger, when something, I know not what, unless it was the evidently frightened manner of the deer even before sighting me, caused me to hesitate about firing. That moment of indecision probably saved the buck, and at the same time led to results that would not have transpired and I obeyed my first impulse and shot the flying animal.

The same feeling that caused me to let the deer pass, led me to instantly seek cover, which I found in a small clump of bushes

night the words, "Man of the Bears," uttered with much emphasis.

That was it, then. They knew Old Grizzly Adams, with whom I was trapping, was

prowess from severe experience, they wished dispose of their captive before the dread ed scout should be upon them and spoil I had left Old Grizzly in camp, busy with

in the neighborhood, and well knowing

a young cub he was training, my object in coming out being to procure some fresh meat for the youngster.

The mention of that name seemed to decide the matter, and without further parley, the red-skins moved off at a rapid gait to

ward a heavy piece of timber, that lay along the river bank. Under ordinary circumstances I could have released the prisoner on the spot, but it so chanced that I had left my six-shooter, a most unusual thing, in camp, taking with me only my rifle and hunting-knife.

With only a single ball the attempt would have been madness. Even if the remaining two fled, after my shooting one, they would inevitably have tomahawked their captive before doing so. I knew not, for a moment, what to do The camp was all of three miles distant, and I knew that before I could get there,

alarm my companions, and return, the work of death by torture would be completed. There was nothing then but for me to follow, and at the last moment, kill one, and trust to my usual good fortune to manage the other two. By the time I had made up my mind to

the timber, and a few moments later they disappeared within it. Noting the immediate spot where they entered, I cautiously advanced, and taking their trail, followed it until I found that I was nearing a small clearing or natural opening in the wood. Here I knew they would halt and prepare for the execution of

course, the Indians were approaching

the unfortunate man. Making a short detour, so as to approach the glade from the further side, I secured a proper position near the edge of the undergrowth, from whence I could observe all

As I had expected, the red-skins had halted here, and were now busily engaged in preparing the fagots that were to afford them the keenest of all delights, by burning the life out of their hated foe.

Upon the southern side, opposite to where I lay, was a large beech-tree, among the branches of which a luxuriant grape-vine had twined and intertwined its many folds, beach; each prisoner had his arms bound | for it is all thy own."

tible material, gathering force each moment, and sending up into the leafy court where I lay dense volumes of smoke, by which I was very nearly smothered. They served a good purpose, however. As the flames mounted, the red-skins joined

occasions, in the midst of which I gave vent to a most unearthly howl. The effect was as sudden as it was ludicrous, and, before they had in any degree recovered, I sent down into their upturned faces the hissing, sputtering ball of burning powder, at the same time repeating the howl with all the power my lungs were

hands and began the dance peculiar to such

capable of. It needed nothing more.
With a yell of deadly terror, evidently certain that the evil spirit was upon them, they fled from the spot, repeating their screeches at every jump

There was no time to lose, and it may

easily be supposed I did not lose any, in descending, scattering the burning brands and cutting the captive free.

We heard no more of the Blackfeet, and in the course of an hour I had my protege

### **Short Stories from History**

safe in camp.

Algerine Cruelties.—Almost all persons have heard of Capt. Reilly's "Narrative" of his captivity among the Algerines and na-tives of Barbary. In the days of our fa-thers it was the best known household volume in the land—second in interest and cir-culation only to Robinson Crusoe. The volume is now practically out of print.

How the Algerines treated prisoners, only a generation agone, and sold even eminent citizens of other countries into slavery, is to be learned in the following narrative of a Frenchman named Pierre Joseph Dumont, who endured thirty-four years of slavery in Africa! He was one of the crew of the Lievre which was wrecked by a storm on the coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers. Sixty individuals perished in the waves, eighty escaped to land; out of these about fifty were almost instantly massacred by the Koubals, a ferocious race, who were watch ing the effects of the tempest, and in the dead of the night rushed down on the helpless mariners, armed with saber, lance, pis

tol and musket. All who escaped death from the first assault of the savages were seized by them next morning, while vainly endeavoring to find a place of shelter along the sandy